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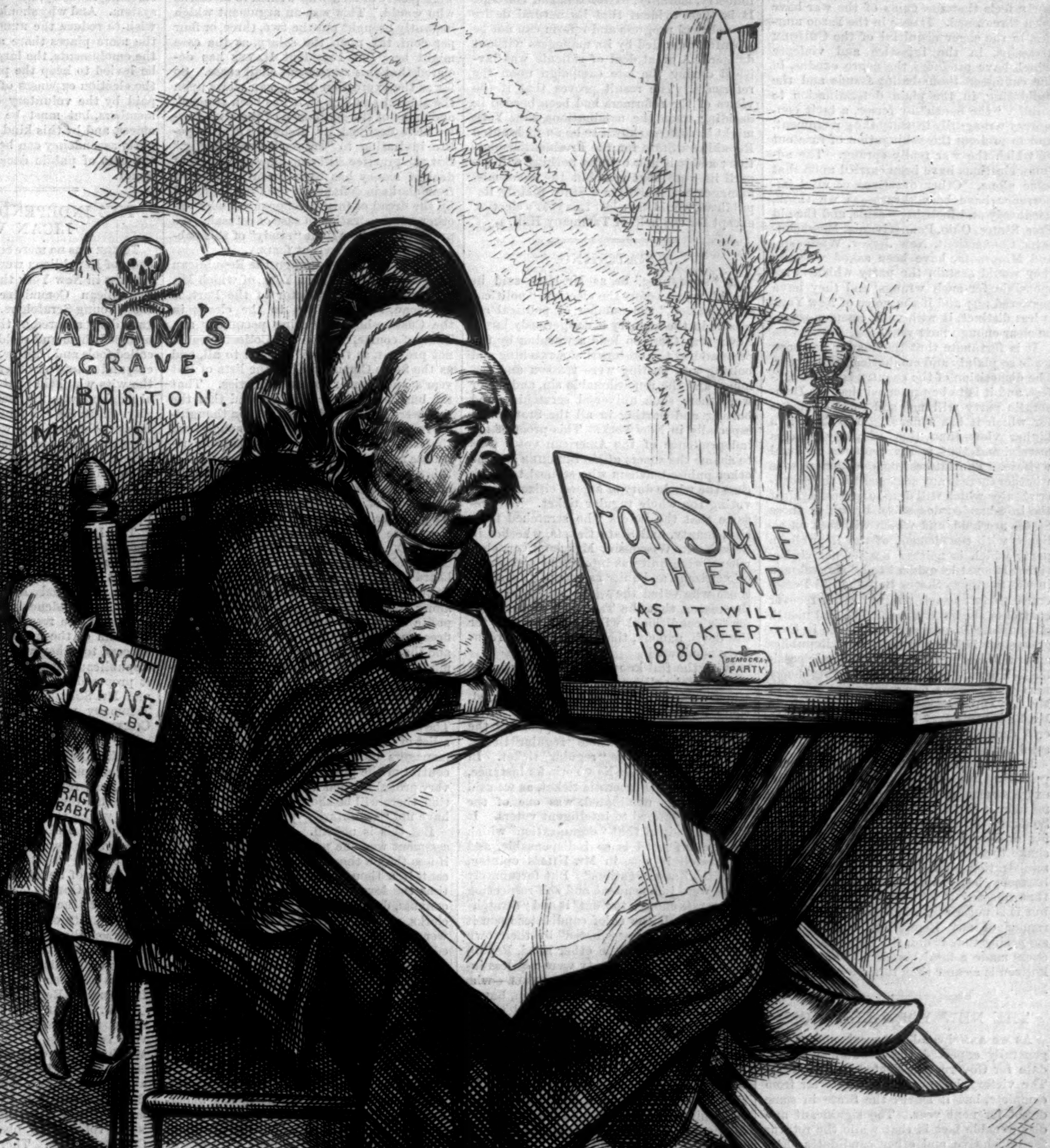
ADAM'S
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B.F.B.
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EVE AFTER ADAM'S DEATH.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1879.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will receive the second Number of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *an illustrated weekly journal for boys and girls.*

The third issue of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent out with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A brilliant serial story, by GEORGE MACDONALD, *with illustrations by* FREDERICKS, *will shortly be begun in* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE REPUBLICAN HARVEST.

THE general result of the autumn elections shows that the Democratic action in the extra session has thoroughly aroused the old spirit of the Republican party. The party feels that the gains of the war have been threatened. It sees in the Yazoo murder, in the eager acquittal of the CHISOLM assassins, in the injustice and violence which have produced the negro exodus, in the confessed tissue-ballot frauds and the bulldozing, in the plain determination to solidify "the South" by terror, a tacit conspiracy wrongfully to usurp the government, and to prolong the subjugation of race out of which the war really sprang. The autumn elections have been carried upon that issue alone. Other questions of vital importance have been thrust—as we think, needlessly and foolishly—aside, and the old Free States, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, have been asked whether they would sustain the party which is responsible for such wrongs, and they have answered no; and if the voice of New York is less distinct, it will, with common-sense, be clear enough next year.

It is fortunate that the answer has been made so plainly and emphatically this year. The disposition of the country is now manifest, and it is to be presumed that the Democratic party will not add to the offenses for which it has suffered. But there is a higher view than that of party success merely, and that is the common national welfare. The interesting question now is whether there is any sentiment in the Southern States which will dare to protest against the iron-handed despotism by which those States are held, and which will seek an alliance with the element of the Republican party which is neither hostile nor vindictive. It must be evident to all shrewd men in the Southern States that the old Democratic party as such will not again recover control of the government. The first month of complete Democratic dominance in Congress since 1860 has produced the Republican uprising of the autumn. The only possible Democratic candidate for the Presidency next year is some one wholly unknown, or Mr. BAYARD. But the fatal objection to Mr. BAYARD is that he would be a "Southern" candidate, and the "North" would be solid against him.

Every sensible man deplores sectional politics. But as we said plainly during the extra session, and at the time of the Yazoo murder, it is the Democratic party, and the Southern crimes which that party justifies or denies, that foster sectionalism and shake the bloody shirt. A Republican Administration showed the way to sectional harmony, but it was the Democratic party that rejected it. The way remains open; but it is not a way which involves the surrender of any Republican principle. In supposing that it did, the Democratic managers made a fatal blunder. The political horizon is clearer than it has been for many years.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

As we anticipated last week, and as was generally expected, the Republican candidate for Governor is elected in New York. The victory, however, is not only far from complete, but it leaves the State in some doubt for next year. The significant and disagreeable fact is that while the returns for legislative and other candidates show the State to be Republican, Mr. CORNELL owes his election to Tammany Hall. In other words, if Mr. JOHN KELLY had not divided his party, and if part of the Democratic vote had not been thrown for Mr. CORNELL, he would not have been elected. In the city of New York he ran some five thousand votes behind his ticket, and there were a multitude of Republicans in the city and State who declined to vote for Governor at all.

Mr. CORNELL'S election by the aid of Tammany Hall, and the apparent election of the Democratic State ticket, is an emphatic rebuke of the present Republican management in New York, and admonishes the party that there is an independence within its ranks which is as resolute as it is sincere. If the party is to be dragooned into the support of nominations which totally misrepresent its character and purpose, and which are designed solely to gratify personal malice and ambition, and if in pursuance of such a policy bargains are to be made with Tammany Hall—a political body which the honest Republicans of New York justly despise as a nest of corrupt politics—there will, we trust, always be found Republicans enough, as in the late election, ready to protest in the most effective manner. The deplorable result of the management which against the most earnest protest forced the party to a disagreeable alternative was not only the hesitating and reluctant vote of thousands of Republicans for Mr. CORNELL, as a choice of evils, but the apparent defeat of the State ticket, including Mr. WADSWORTH and General CARR.

Republican orators and journals constantly and truly assert that the Republican party is distinctively the party of intelligence, industry, morality, patriotism, and courage. It is, then, evident that its natural desire for political progress and reform can not be scornfully derided by its managers without danger. A great deal of ridicule was lavished during the late campaign upon the reformers. The result proves that if the views of the reformers had been heeded in deciding upon the nominations, New York might have been shown to be an undoubted Republican State for the Presidential election; and it is now evident nothing will imperil its vote next year but the same mismanagement, which, in a State plainly Republican, would have lost this year's election except for the help of Tammany Hall.

SCRATCHING.

IF "scratching" be, as Mr. HILL said in Brooklyn just before the election, "political assassination," the number of political assassins in the country is dangerously large. Never was there so loud a warning by the press and by the orators that scratching and bolting and pasting were treason and dishonor and the unpardonable sin, and never were there such universal scratching and bolting and pasting in all the States, and especially in New York. This proof of the independence of the American voter puts to shame the sneers of Mr. BEECHER and the other public teachers who seemed to think that the whole duty of a good citizen lies in voting the whole regular ticket. We presume that the voters who scratched their city, county, and State tickets, whether in New York, Wisconsin, Maryland, or elsewhere, were quite as intelligent and patriotic citizens, and quite as true party men, as those who voted the whole, and who gave the reason that the Tammany orator gave for his conditional willingness to vote for the devil, namely, that he should be regularly nominated.

With the full knowledge that every man in practical politics has of the methods by which "regular" nominations are procured, there is no more degrading and demoralizing doctrine than that of supporting the "regular" ticket, the whole "regular" ticket, and nothing but the "regular" ticket. In Richmond County, in New York, for instance, the "regular" Democratic ticket, as we said when it was nominated, was one of the worst ever offered to intelligent voters. It was the fruit of that "organization" which we are informed is so indispensable, and to scratch it was, in Mr. HILL'S opinion, "political assassination." But fortunately there were independent and self-respecting Democrats enough to "cut" it and "scratch" it, so that all the chief candidates upon it but one were "assassinated" by their own party friends. On the other hand, Republicans in the same county were not less independent, and although Mr. CORNELL—who was opposed for no personal reason, but as a representative of a system fatal to the party—received many KELLY votes, he still ran from one to two hundred votes behind the rest of the Republican State ticket in an average vote of 2500 to 2700 or 2800.

There was no more cheering or healthful sign in the late election than this general scratching. It was the evidence of that individual independence which is the security of free popular institutions. For it is not at the primary or at the Convention, it is at the polls, that the voter can control the management of his party. He can not give all his time to fighting "the machine," but he can warn it by his vote. It will beat him easily at the primary and the Convention, but it can not beat him at the polls if he have the constancy to hold by his own convictions, and the sense of humor to see why the machine tells him that his principle is good, but that this is a bad time to apply it. Party managers are like the crew of the canal-boat. When a passenger remonstrated with the captain for kicking them, he answered, "Words a'n't no good, but they understand kicking." Fine speeches and sound sentiments the managers despise, but a scratched ballot they understand. Hence they call a scratch treason. A free ballot is the safeguard of the republic, but it is not free if it merely registers an edict in making which the voter had no part, and could have no part. The vigorous scratching of this year will prove to have allayed a great deal of irritation, and to have put the political system into a much better condition.

"VOLUNTARY" CONTRIBUTIONS.

AT what precise date the practice of robbing the minor officers of the government, under the form of assessment for party expenses, began, it is impossible to say. It is a natural growth of the system of party patronage. A man who holds his place by the favor of party managers must, of course, pay what they demand, or suffer the consequences. We have heard a Collector of New York say that if clerks would not pay, there were plenty of men who wished to be clerks who would. This was an argument which instantly brought out the two, three, or four per cent. tax upon the salary, as the case might be. But President HAYES has declared that this assessment shall cease. So far as the expression of his own views upon the subject can stop it, it has been stopped, and many of the gentlemen of the civil service have declined Mr. Richard Turpin's polite invitation to "subscribe voluntarily." But the practice still continues, and a great deal of money has been recently extorted from clerks in defiance of the President, and by the dread of future vengeance under another Administration in case of refusal. We propose to make a little "study" of this subject suggested by recent facts.

During the late campaign the Republican State Committee of New York, of which Mr. ARTHUR, the late Collector of the Port, is chairman, sent circulars to the clerks in the Custom-house, inviting pecuniary aid. That, of course, the present Collector could not prevent, as the mail is open to all, and as the State Committee has the lists of last year's and former years' robberies. That the business was methodized, and that the lists were carefully checked, with a thoughtful regard to the future, is plain enough from the fact that the clerks who made no response received the circulars again. Besides this reminder, little cards were circulated by affable gentlemen, and if those cards resembled those of last year, a specimen of which we preserve in a museum of such treasures, they were as follows: "J. C. PINCKNEY, H. G. LEASK; Collections for State Committee. 82 Broadway (up stairs)." We have not heard that these affable gentlemen dropped their little cards in the counting-rooms along South Street or on Broadway. Their polite coercion is impossible in private offices, but in public offices the old tradition, and the fear of what may come after this Administration, suffice to squeeze out a considerable sum, despite the assurance of the President in perfect good faith that refusal to pay shall not affect the official tenure. The clerks in the service know very well that a list of delinquents is kept, and that if the managers of the State Committee obtain control of the public offices once more, as is very probable upon a change of administration, there will be short shrift for those who have not "voluntarily" paid the tax.

But this is not all. The old rate of assessment was one per cent. upon the salary if less than a thousand dollars, and two per cent. if a thousand dollars or more, every time the levy was made. During the late canvass, despite the President's assurance, clerks, naturally afraid of future changes, went to Mr. ARTHUR'S committee and offered ten dollars as a contribution, which was refused upon the ground that they were receiving more than a thousand dollars salary yearly. The committee would accept nothing but two per cent.; and rather than be marked unpaid, and take the unknown consequences, the victims have paid twenty dollars, which they could ill spare, and which the committee had no more right to extort from them than from the printers of this paper. Still further, it was tacitly understood in certain quarters, despite the unquestionable good faith of heads of offices, that a certain class of officers were to pay thirty dollars as a "voluntary" contribution to the State Committee. But some who, from sheer inability to afford more, begged to be allowed to give only half that sum, were curtly informed that they were more interested in the result of the election than anybody else, and that if they were "let off," every other man in the service would claim the same immunity. Covert threats of loss of place were not spared. The situation, looking to the future, was extremely difficult; and if, upon insistence of the clerk that the thing was voluntary, the money as offered was received, it was only with a contemptuous sneer. A receipt was also given for these "voluntary" contributions. The *Times* justly demands that the President shall forbid such voluntary giving. But should he do it, the committee which levies this tax upon those who from fear of future contingencies do not dare to resist, and which, if it could, would remove those who do resist, would be the first to shout at interference with the freedom of American citizens. Hasn't this free-born Englishman a right to give me his purse? asks Dick Turpin, as he covers him with his pistol. The money that is paid in these salaries is raised by general taxation; and as men of all parties are taxed, every taxpayer of the minority party is forced to pay to keep the majority party in power. Besides this, such a practice puts up the offices at auction. For under a system of patronage a man who will gladly pay the committee a hundred dollars at each election will easily slip, under some pretense, into the place of him who reluctantly pays ten or fifteen. Self-respect, official pride, the hope of retention and promotion by honest and efficient industry, all vanish under such a system. And why should the party in power wish to reduce the number of offices, when the more places there are, and the greater the emoluments, the larger the tax that can be levied to keep the party in power? If the election expenses of a party can not be paid by the voluntary contributions of its members, but must be met by selling the offices, and by this kind of pitiful extortion, party ascendency can be maintained only at the cost of public decency and of private honor.

THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN VIEW.

THERE was no more energetic and efficient body of Republican workers during the late canvass in New York than the Independent Republican Committee, familiarly called the "Young Scratchers." The machine organs daily sneered at them; the orators denounced them and scolded them; they were called fools and traitors, and hens and chickens, and whatever other epithet occurred to the wits who held that fidelity to a personal machine was the test of Republican loyalty. But the "Young Scratchers" steadfastly held to their work. They insisted that the time had come for self-respecting Republicans to refuse to allow the Republican party of New York to be marched hither and thither as a personal body-guard, to feed personal spites, and to "vindicate" personal reputations.

The Independent Republican movement was wholly impromptu, and it necessarily had no general or extended organization. But it showed the way, and it depended upon individual Republicans to follow. That its confidence was not misplaced the figures of the result of the election show. The aim of the movement was Republican success, together with a protest against the Republican "machine." For this purpose it proposed the scratching of Mr. CORNELL and Mr. SOULE. It was evident that the Tammany vote would probably give Mr. CORNELL a plurality, and that many Tammany votes would be cast directly for him. But the result shows that several thousand Republicans declined to vote for Mr. CORNELL, not from personal hostility, but because he represented the party management which they believe to be injurious to the party, and because the only way in which they could make their votes tell was by "cutting" him. Thus in Oneida County, the home of Senator CONKLING, who nominated Mr. CORNELL, while his plurality, according to the returns as we write, was 863, the majority of Mr. HOSKINS was 1420. In Jefferson the CORNELL plurality was 1237, while the HOSKINS majority was 1600. In many other districts the same significant figures tell the story. The following is the Independent Republican view of the result:

"Mr. CORNELL'S plurality is perhaps in round numbers 30,000, and the Tammany vote is 50,000. Without Tammany's help Mr. CORNELL would have been defeated by 20,000 votes. He has run behind the ticket about 4000 in New York city, about 2500 in Brooklyn, and in the whole State 10,000 or more. Many scratched Republican CORNELL votes were obscured by Tammany CORNELL votes. There were undoubtedly 15,000 Independent Republican votes against Mr. CORNELL, which is a fair notice that not less than 25,000 Republican votes will be thrown hereafter in an ordinary election against any ticket which is imposed upon the party by the sheer brute force of the machine, and against the intelligent and patriotic protest of voters who are not 'politicians.' Mr. SOULE is buried under the anti-corruption vote. Mr. TILDEN has a blow that ought to knock him out of the race. Tammany is broken by unmitigated defeat of its local ticket. The Canal Ring is rebuked by Republican votes against SOULE. The SMYTH Insurance Ring has been demolished by Albany Republicans. Meanwhile the Republican State ticket would have been elected if the machine had not forced upon the party a ticket which at once repressed enthusiasm, aroused hostility, and produced apathy. It is plain, therefore, that under good candidates and with patriotic leaders New York will be surely Republican next year, while under a management which has engineered the present result it is by no means surely Republican." These are the views of an earnest Republican who scratched Mr. Cornell and Mr. Soule, and they merit careful consideration by all true Republicans.

SENATOR CHANDLER.

Senator Chandler was an honest, shrewd, vigorous man, and a partisan after Dr. Johnson's heart, who held that the devil was the first Whig. Mr. Chandler held much the same view of Democrats and Englishmen and the white citizens of the Southern States. He was an able and efficient administrative officer, a hearty and hospitable friend, and a vehement party leader in extreme times. He had the courage of his opinions, and his political methods were of the kind that fights fire with fire. To hold that a Southern Democrat was not necessarily a rebel, or a Northern Democrat a traitor; or to insist that there was any need of reform, except that of smiting Democrats hip and thigh, and turning them out of office whenever you found them in—was, in Mr. Chandler's eyes, to be a milksop and a mollycoddle, a Sunday-school teacher and a sipper of catnip tea. He served in the Senate during the three years that preceded the war, and although not among the most conspicuous, he was one of the most uncompromising and frank of the Republican minority. At the beginning of the war he said plainly that the government could be saved only by bloodshed, and throughout the contest he was steadfast for unconditional surrender. During the administration of Johnson he was contemptuously hostile to the moderation of some Senators, and favored the most radical terms of reconstruction. After some years of less prominence, the Democratic plot of the extra session gave Mr. Chandler the opportunity of expressing the smouldering passion of the war in a short speech in the Senate about Jefferson Davis. The vehement outburst of sentiment rang through the country, alarmed by the apparent design of the Democratic party, and made the Senator more widely popular than he had ever been. During the recent canvass he took the stump, and coming Eastward, he spoke in Maine and Massachusetts. But although he was invited to Faneuil Hall in Boston, he did not speak with Messrs. Evarts and Sherman and Blaine in Cooper Institute in New York. He died literally in the harness, just after a speech in Chicago, and in the hour of his greatest reputation.

A man so "whole-souled" and sincere and courageous, however bitter a partisan, however unjust and prejudiced, however unwise and hasty, can not fall suddenly in the midst of his energetic activity without compelling from friend and foe a word of honest admiration. It has been willingly uttered on all sides, and it is a reproachful satire upon the insincerity of politics. Mr. Chandler had the virtues and the faults of an extreme partisan. He despised any other kind of partisanship. Yet it was the spirit and purpose and methods within the Republican party that he conspicuously represented which nearly lost the Republicans the Presidential election of 1876. It was the spirit of disdainful contempt for the idea of "reform" from the Democratic party which blinded him to the fact that the demand for reform could not be appeased or evaded merely by sneering at Democratic reformers. It is true that reform is not to be expected from the Democratic party. But if it be equally true that it is not to be expected from the Republican party what is a man who desires reform to do? That was the question which Mr. Chandler and his school do not answer, because they do not understand it. They retort with Mr. Evarts that you must vote with one side or the other, or vote in the air. But if a few thousands vote in the air, what becomes of the Republican majority? Mr. Chandler's school answer that such voters were never real Republicans. 'Tis a "soft" answer, but it does not turn away defeat.

The contest within the party, of which Mr. Chandler so well represented one side, will, of course, continue. The demand for administrative reform may be overborne for a time by a wild appeal to sectional passions and fears, many of them well founded, which grew out of the war. But the perfect compatibility of reform with opposition to Democratic control of the government will become more and more apparent to intelligent Republicans, and as its necessity appears more and more plainly, the policy of the party will be forced to conform. Mr. Chandler served his country through his party with all the ardor of his nature. He was a warm if not a wise leader, a true Republican of yesterday, if not of to-morrow.

A FEW QUESTIONS.

As friends of the Administration, holding that, with all its inexplicable inconsistencies, more has been accomplished by it for reform in the civil service than by any previous Administration, and with confidence in the sincerity of the President's convictions upon the subject, we ask two or three questions.

If Mr. Cornell, whose nomination was a deliberate defiance of reform, and who has been elected by Tammany Hall, had been decisively defeated, and the Republican State ticket had been as incontestably elected, would not New York be certainly a Republican State next year, as it is not now?

If, therefore, Mr. Evarts, instead of sneering at Republicans who, desiring Republican success, declined to vote for the one candidate among seven who especially represented hostility to a cardinal Republican principle, had exhorted them to vote so as to help their party and all its principles, would not his service to the good cause have been as great as it was in confounding that cause with the success of an insulting blow at reform and at a reform Administration?

If Mr. Sherman, instead of urging the election of a candidate as Governor whom he had removed for cause as Naval Officer, had urged Republicans to vote both to secure Republican ascendency in the State and to promote the reform to which the Administration is pledged, would not his position have been quite as consistent and agreeable as it is now?

If the Administration, while opposing Southern violence and fraud, had refused to abandon its reform principles, would it not have been surer of the continued confidence of its friends, and of the higher respect of its enemies?

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

The prolonged beautiful weather of October raised the familiar questions, When is the Indian summer, and why is it called so? The poet in "Evangeline" answers the first question:

> "Then followed that beautiful season,
> Called by the pious Acadian peasants the summer of All-saints:
> Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the landscape
> Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood."

The summer of All-saints is the soft hazy season about the 1st of November, which is All-saints Day, and its general character is best described by Mr. Wilson Flagg in his book upon the New England landscape. The season is a little later than is generally supposed, and its days are readily observed.

The origin of the name Indian summer is disputed. We have heard Mr. Webster say that he was satisfied it came, in general, from the autumn fires of the Indians kindling the woods, and producing the "smoky" atmosphere. But the most satisfactory explanation was that of a man whose love and observation of nature were inferior only to Thoreau's. He said that the name dated from the earliest settlement of the country. The colonists, warned by the early frosts of September, began to fear an early winter, and made every preparation. But the Indians assured them that winter was not at hand, and that there would be summer, or warm weather, yet. When, therefore, the milder days came in late October and November, the colonists said, "Here is the summer predicted by the Indians," the Indian summer.

Se non è vero—if it is not true, it is well imagined. It is a natural and plausible explanation, and ought to stand until a better one can be offered.

RUSKIN'S DRAWINGS.

Professor Norton, of Cambridge, an intimate friend of Mr. Ruskin, has placed on exhibition in Boston a collection of Ruskin's drawings, and has printed a pamphlet, to accompany them, of notes chiefly by Mr. Ruskin himself. Professor Norton's preface states that there was an exhibition in London in 1878 of drawings by Turner, with others by Mr. Ruskin, the latter called by him "his own handiwork illustrative of Turner." As the teacher who has cultivated in students of art the faculties of observation and perception, Mr. Ruskin's drawings, as Professor Norton thought, would have very great value, especially in this country, where there is no adequate reproduction of his work. Mr. Ruskin willingly acceded to his friend's request, and sent him a large number of his drawings, which, with those already in Professor Norton's possession, and with the interesting and instructive notes, can not fail to be of great service to every student, as well as of great interest to every person interested in art.

"There is not a picture among them," says the preface; but they were drawn in order "to acquire exact knowledge of the facts of nature, or to obtain the data from which to deduce a principle in art, or to preserve a record of the work of periods in which art gave better expression to the higher interests and motives of life than at the present day."

There is in one of the notes a touching and interesting passage in which Mr. Ruskin speaks of himself. "And better things should have come of such practice, but I got overpraised for the mechanical industry, and led away, besides, into other work not fit for me. Had I been permitted at this time to put my whole strength into drawing and geology, my life, so far as I can judge, would have been an entirely harmonious and serviceable one. But I was too foolish and sapless myself to persist in the healthy bent; and my friends mistook me for a 'genius,' and were minded to make me a poet, or a bishop, or a member of Parliament. Had I done heartily and honestly what they wished, it had also been well. But I sulked or idled, between their way and my own, and went all to pieces, just in the years when I ought to have been nailing myself well together."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-PLACE.

Congress appropriated $3000 at the last session for a memorial to be erected upon the site of the house in which Washington was born. The design is to be executed under the direction of Secretary Evarts, who has consulted with eminent artists and gentlemen accomplished in art upon the proper form of such a memorial. The estate is in Westmoreland County, Virginia, about midway between Richmond and Washington, and nothing remains of the house but a chimney.

Secretary Evarts and a party of friends recently made a visit to the spot for the purpose of judging from the actual situation what would be an appropriate memorial. Among the suggestions nothing seems to us better than that of a fountain, if it can be made practicable. The ever-flowing living water, pure and refreshing, is a fitting symbol of the character and influence of the man to be commemorated. Statues of him and monuments of every kind are frequent and familiar; and a fine work of the kind, well placed upon the very site of the house, could not but be very satisfactory. But a fountain, besides its suggestiveness, offers room for bass-reliefs and designs drawn from the story of Washington's life.

It is fortunate that the decision will be made by authorities so competent, and we have a right to expect that whatever form of memorial shall be selected will be worthy the spot and the country.

PERSONAL.

Prince Bismarck among the living, and the Duke of Wellington among the dead, are said to have had more orders and decorations than any others in the world. The latter rarely wore any save the Garter, and it was observed, when he lent a famous decoration for some private theatricals at Lady Salisbury's, years after it was conferred, that the case had never even been opened.

—An Englishman happened to be present at the Yorktown celebration the other day, and after surveying the situation and surroundings, said, "I can well understand now why Lord Cornwallis surrendered Yorktown; if I owned such a place, I would give it up myself."

—At the reception given to Mr. John B. Gough a few evenings since in the parlors of the Broadway Tabernacle, Mr. Gough made special allusion to the Church of England Temperance Society, with its 14,000 total abstinence clergymen. Among the active men in the movement were Bishop Lightfoot, the Bishop of Bedford, the Bishop of Exeter, and several others, making six in all. Of canons a score or more were prominent temperance advocates, among them Canon Farrar, Canon Duckworth, and Canon Fleming. Mr. Gough also said he must remember the fact that Dean Stanley and the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon had recently declared for total abstinence.

—It is said that a second series of Bismarck anecdotes is to appear, but it is not quite certain that they will be edited by Dr. Busch.

—M. Grévy, the President of France, is said to be chivalric in his truthfulness. On one occasion M. De Fourtou, one of the ablest and most determined of his political adversaries, appealed to him before all France as "the man who never lied." One of his most intimate chums is M. Paul de Cassagnac. The President is an excellent billiard-player, also a good shot—has, in fact, all the instincts of a country gentleman, which he is; or, shall we say, half squire, half lawyer and politician? On the whole, the former element predominates, for M. Grévy is lazy, and it is a positive fact that he was very nearly refusing the Chief Magistracy from an innate dislike of trouble and of being bored. Three years ago he said to Gambetta, "You'll die in an insurgent's skin." And he thinks rather poorly of Lord Beaconsfield, of whom he said to a friend, "Disraeli has played such tricks with constitutional monarchy as it will hardly recover from."

—The races at Jerome Park on election day recall an incident related in the *Life of Alexander H. Stephens*, of a Georgia school-master of the name of Duffie, who was a preacher as well as a teacher, and in the latter character he wielded the hickory and took his dram, in all respects like the rest of his brethren. He was a great politician, and took a lively interest in all the local affairs of the county. One Friday afternoon, when there was to be next day a horse-race at the county town, one of the competitors in which was one of his political leaders, he admonished his boys in the following fashion: "Boys, I suppose you know that there's going to be a horse-race in town to-morrow. Now, boys, don't you go to it. But, boys, if you do go, don't you bet. Whatever you do do, don't you bet. But, boys, if you *do* bet—mind what I tell you: if you *do* bet, be sure to bet on Abercrombie's mare!"

—The domestic economy of Liberty Hall, the Georgia home of Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, is peculiar. It is probably the only mansion in the country where the domestic and social arrangements are entirely unaffected by the sickness or health of the master of the house. Visitors come and go, partake of his hospitality, make themselves at home, whether he be able to receive them in person or not. Almost every train that stops brings coming guests and bears away departing. Dinner is served at one, and all who happen to be present take their places at the board. Later visitors take supper, and early ones breakfast, and the breakfast table always brings new faces. Mr. Stephens's own habit is to rise at nine, and after dressing, to be rolled in his easy-chair out upon the piazza, where he usually calls for a game of whist—an amusement which has become a habit with him, and helps to solace many an hour of suffering. After an hour or two, he returns to bed, and rests till dinner, when he rises and takes the head of his table, that being the only meal he takes in the dining-room. After dinner, conversation and whist are in order, and at seven he goes to bed.

—M. Victor Hugo is not indisposed to magnify his office. At the supper recently given to celebrate the one-hundredth representation of *Notre Dame de Paris* he said, rather picturesquely: "It is literature that makes nations great. It is by Homer and Æschylus that Athens exists; it is by Tacitus and Juvenal that Rome dominates; it is by Rabelais, Molière, and Voltaire that France reigns. The whole of Italy is expressed in the word Dante, the whole of England in the word Shakspeare."

—The Rev. Phillips Brooks is proving himself as popular in book form as he is in the pulpit. The eighth thousand of his *The Influence of Jesus* is just from the press, and there is no abatement of the demand. The sermons of Mr. Brooks, Dr. Dix, and Bishop Stevens are all reprinted in London.

—Bishop Peck is undoubtedly one of the weightiest men in the M. E. Church, his physical avoirdupois going up to over three hundred and fifty pounds, and one night recently his bed crushed under him. The gentleman at whose house he was visiting ran up stairs alarmed. "What's the matter, bishop?" he asked. "Nothing at all," groaned the bishop; "only just tell your wife, if I'm not here in the morning, to look for me in the cellar."

—Speaking of Mr. Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and concededly among the ablest journalists of the country, the New York *Herald* says: "He is warmly spoken of in Ohio as successor in the Senate to Judge Thurman. Mr. Halstead has the gracefulness of manner which makes Senator Booth respected, and the strength of character which has made leaders in the Senate."

—Walter Hastings, of Boston, recently deceased, has left the bulk of his fortune, estimated at $500,000, to Harvard College—the largest bequest that institution has ever received.

—The minute accuracy of some of the leading London journals is astounding. For example, the London *Telegraph*, a paper of enormous wealth and immense circulation, speaking of the impecuniosity of American Presidents, says that John Quincy Adams left his whole property, valued at $10,000, to his son, the subsequent President, Charles Francis Adams, who died a rich man, having married a lady of great wealth."

—Ex-Governor E. D. Morgan has made a donation of $25,000 to the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital.

—Mr. Edison is reaping a rich reward in Europe as well as in this country for his wonderful and useful inventions. The Edison Telephone Company, of London, has ordered from the electrical manufactory in this city 2000 of Edison's chemical telephones for use in London, and is considering the advisability of ordering 10,000 more. In this city they are everywhere being introduced. All the large wholesale and manufacturing establishments have them; lawyers talk through them to an office in the new Court-house, and are enabled to keep instantly posted as to what's going on; booksellers and others order from each other through them, and a world of trouble is saved all around.

—The men whose restless activity is now disturbing the peace of Europe are so far advanced in years that few, if any of them, can hope to witness the realization of their schemes. Prince Gortchakoff is now in his eighty-second year. The Czar himself is nearly sixty-two. Lord Beaconsfield is seventy-four. Bismarck is sixty-five; and Von Moltke, who "can hold his tongue in seven languages," is seventy-nine. The Emperor William is nearly eighty-three.

—Certain London papers have been quite mistaken in their recent announcements about George Eliot. George Eliot has not abandoned her intention to write an essay on Mr. Herbert Spencer, owing to increasing ill health, and for two reasons—first, that her health is better instead of worse; and second, that she has never even planned to write an essay on Mr. Herbert Spencer.

—Lord Houghton has expressed in print his gratification that a petition is being got up, to which the signatures of women only are to be attached, for the legalization of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. He says that ecclesiastical opposition is the only serious obstacle to the proposed reform.

—The only man living who was in Congress fifty years ago is the Hon. Peleg Sprague, of Maine, now eighty-eight years old, and entirely blind. He was in the United States Senate from 1829 to 1835, when Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and Benton were members of that body. He was judge of the United States District Court of Massachusetts from 1841 to 1861.

—Arthur Sullivan and Antoinette Sterling have each received over $5000 already upon "The Lost Chord"—the song which Mr. Sullivan wrote for Madame Sterling less than three years ago.

—Lord Bute has just completed and is about to publish the first translation into English of the Breviary of the Roman Catholic Church.

—Ex-Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts, has given thirty-one acres of land and the buildings thereon, valued at $8000, at Orangeburg, South Carolina, to the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

—Lord Lyons maintains in Paris the liberal style of entertaining that he practiced while British minister at Washington. In Paris he has a fine house, furnished by his government, and $50,000 a year salary. The last four rulers of France have all liked him. In the early days of the republic he was supposed to have been skeptical as to its stability; he did not even take the trouble to have new passports printed with the words: "French Republic." When Thiers came to dine with him there was some little question as to the ceremony to be observed. Lord Lyons determined, at least in one respect, to accord royal honors to his guest. In announcing dinner, the major-domo bowed to M. Thiers, and said, "M. le Président de la République est servi." The little old man thereupon gave his arm to Madame Thiers, and the twain, as though they had been Cæsar and his wife, led the procession to the dining-room.

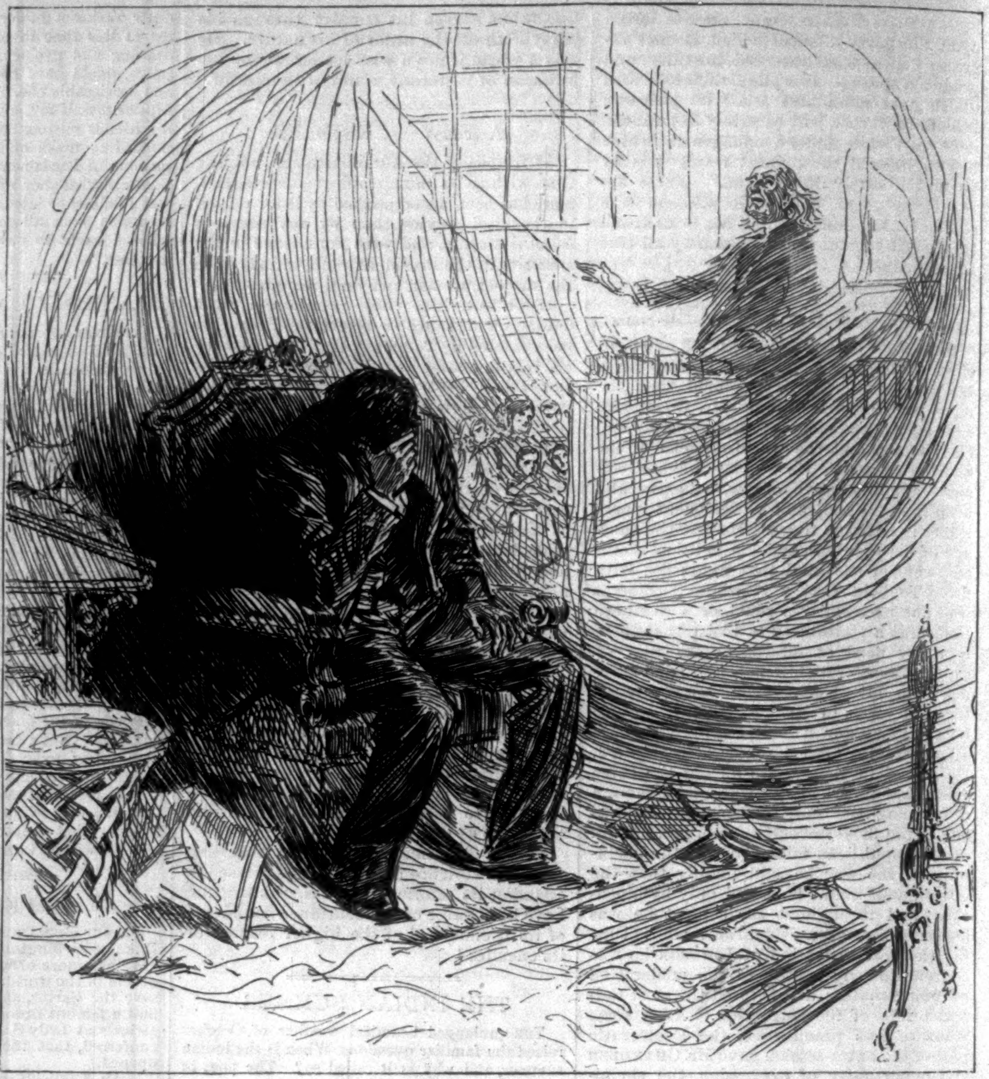
THE OLD SERMON.

The solemn hush of midnight is brooding over the earth;
Alone in my state and splendor, I wait for the new day's birth.
No sound breaks in on the stillness, no voice in the silence calls,
So heavy the velvet hangings, so thick are my study walls.
I would sit in the dusky silence, and rest both heart and brain,
And gather strength for the warfare that day brings on again;
But a picture comes in the darkness of a place I knew when a boy,
And it chills the heart that is throbbing with the flush of worldly joy.
'Tis a simple church in a meadow-land,
Where I see a white-haired pastor stand,
Who warns his flock with uplifted hand:
"Except ye be like the children,
Ye can not enter in."

There's a glitter and glory around me that is born of a guinea's shine;
I measure a thousand acres, and know that their wealth is mine;
I hear in the shout of the gaping crowd the homage they bear my name—
It is written in radiant letters on the glittering roll of fame;
The sound of the words I utter is echoed from land to land,
And the helm that sways a nation is trusted within my hand;
But my heart grows faint like a woman's when the dusk of twilight nears,
And I dread the solemn midnight when that white-haired man appears;
For soul and spirit become perplexed;
I dread the words that are coming next,
The awful sound of that simple text:
"Except ye be like the children,
Ye can not enter in."

Long and fierce was the struggle that placed me upon the height;
I wrought with a will for the lustre that has made my name so bright;
I won me a crown of laurel, and wreathed it around my brow,
And the wounds of the mighty conflict I bear about me now.
And mine is the right of resting, of pausing awhile in the strife,
For I fought the fight like a victor, and conquered the thing called life.
But that picture will come in the darkness, and stifle the fire-light's gleam,
Till I pale and shrink like a culprit who is bound in a nightmare dream;
For I see the old man standing there,
The lifted hands and the whitened hair,
And I hear the trembling voice declare:
"Except ye be like the children,
Ye can not enter in."

So I sit alone in the midnight, while the ghosts of the past flit by,
And they warn me with shadowy fingers of the end that is drawing nigh;
I think of the life within me, of the fierce and resistless will,
And the frail and helpless body that must lie so cold and still,
Till the quivering heart in my bosom grows faint and numb with fear,
With dread of the awful summons that one day I must hear;
And I turn with a shudder of loathing from the power I stooped to win,
And I long for the heart of childhood, untouched, unsullied by sin;
For the voice of truth falls on my ears,
And memory calleth adown the years,
While awed and frightened my soul still hears:
"Except ye be like the children,
Ye can not enter in."

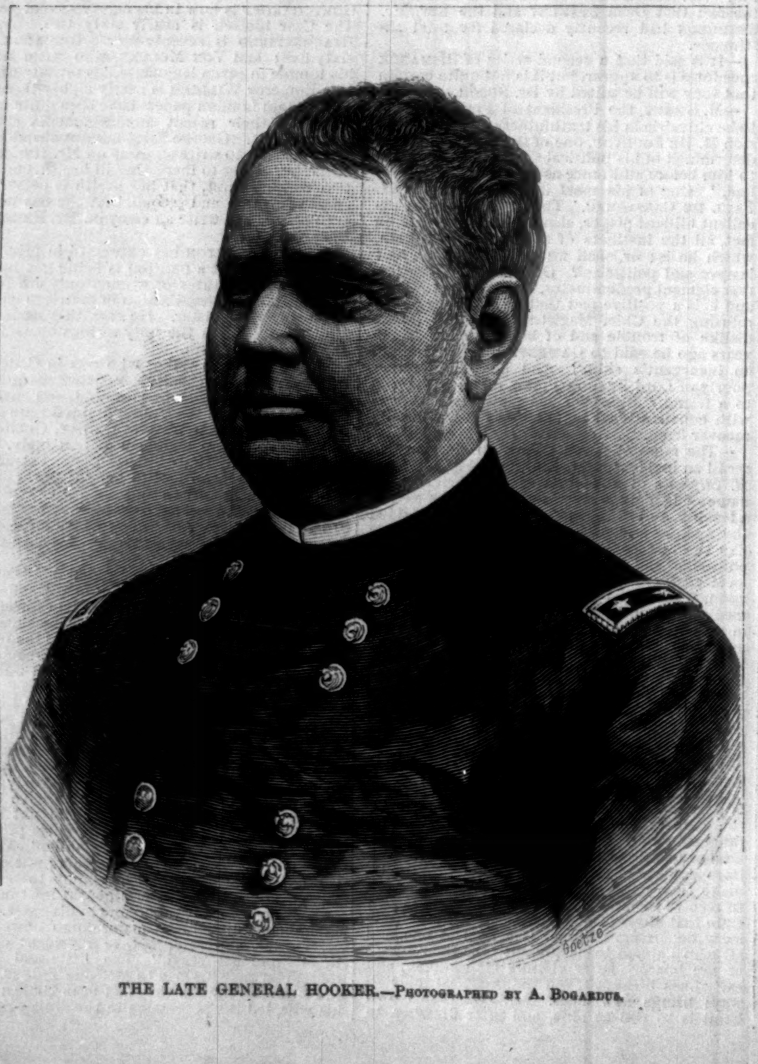


ANOTHER DEAD HERO.

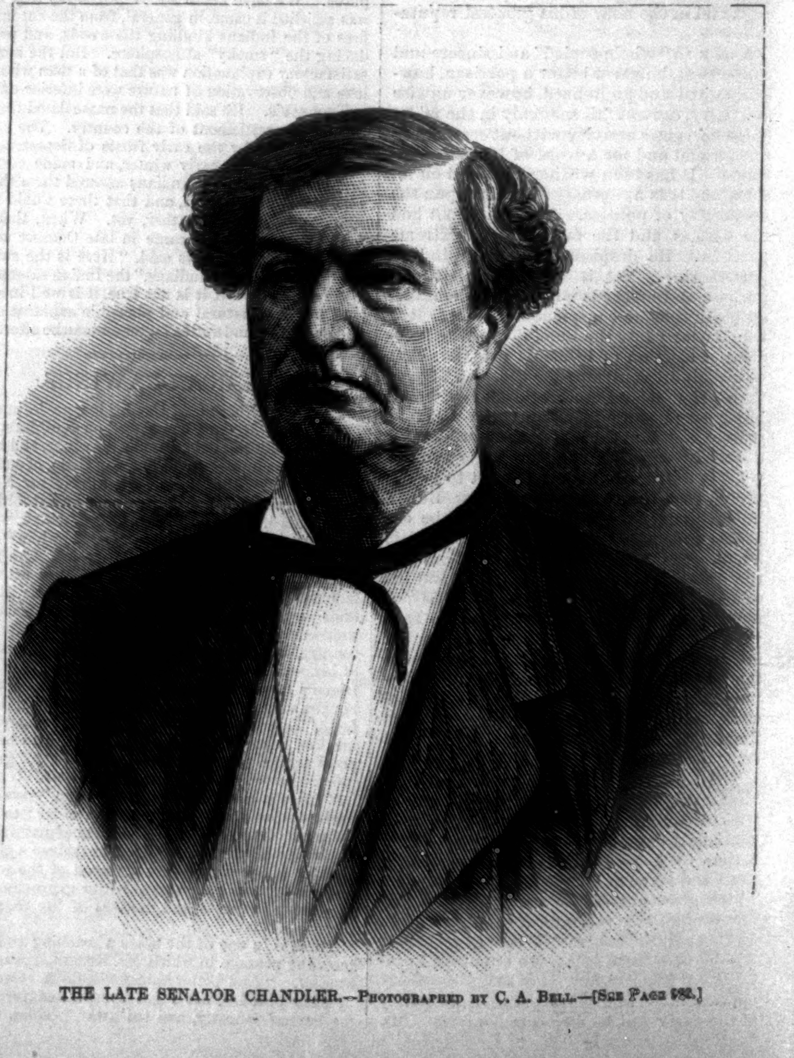
The death of Major-General **Joseph Hooker**—or "Fighting **Joe**," as he was better known in the days of the rebellion—which occurred at Garden City, Long Island, on the 31st ult., did not greatly surprise his intimate friends who knew the condition of his health for the past two years. Although an invalid, he was generally in good spirits, and disposed to be active. An hour or two before he died he took his accustomed afternoon walk, but on his return he was seized with an illness which soon terminated fatally.

General **Hooker** was born in Hadley, Massachusetts, in 1815, of an old New England family. His parents meant that he should be a clergyman, but this idea was abandoned, and in 1833 the lad entered West Point Military Academy, where he graduated four years later, No. 29 in a class of fifty. In the same class were Generals **Benham**, **Williams**, **Sedgwick**, etc., of the Union army, and Generals **Bragg**, **Mackall**, and **Early**, of the rebel forces. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico he accompanied Brigadier-General **Hamer** as Aide-de-camp, and was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct in several conflicts at Monterey. In March, 1847, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain. At the National Bridge he distinguished himself, and was brevetted Major; and at Chapultepec he again attracted attention by his gallant and meritorious conduct, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

At the close of the war with Mexico he withdrew from the service, and soon afterward emigrated to California. The outbreak of the rebellion found him there, and he was one of the first of the old West-Pointers who offered his services to the government. He was one of the first batch of Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers appointed by President **Lincoln** on May 17, 1861, and was, on his arrival, placed in command of a brigade of the Army of the Potomac, and subsequently of a division. From July, 1861, to Feb-



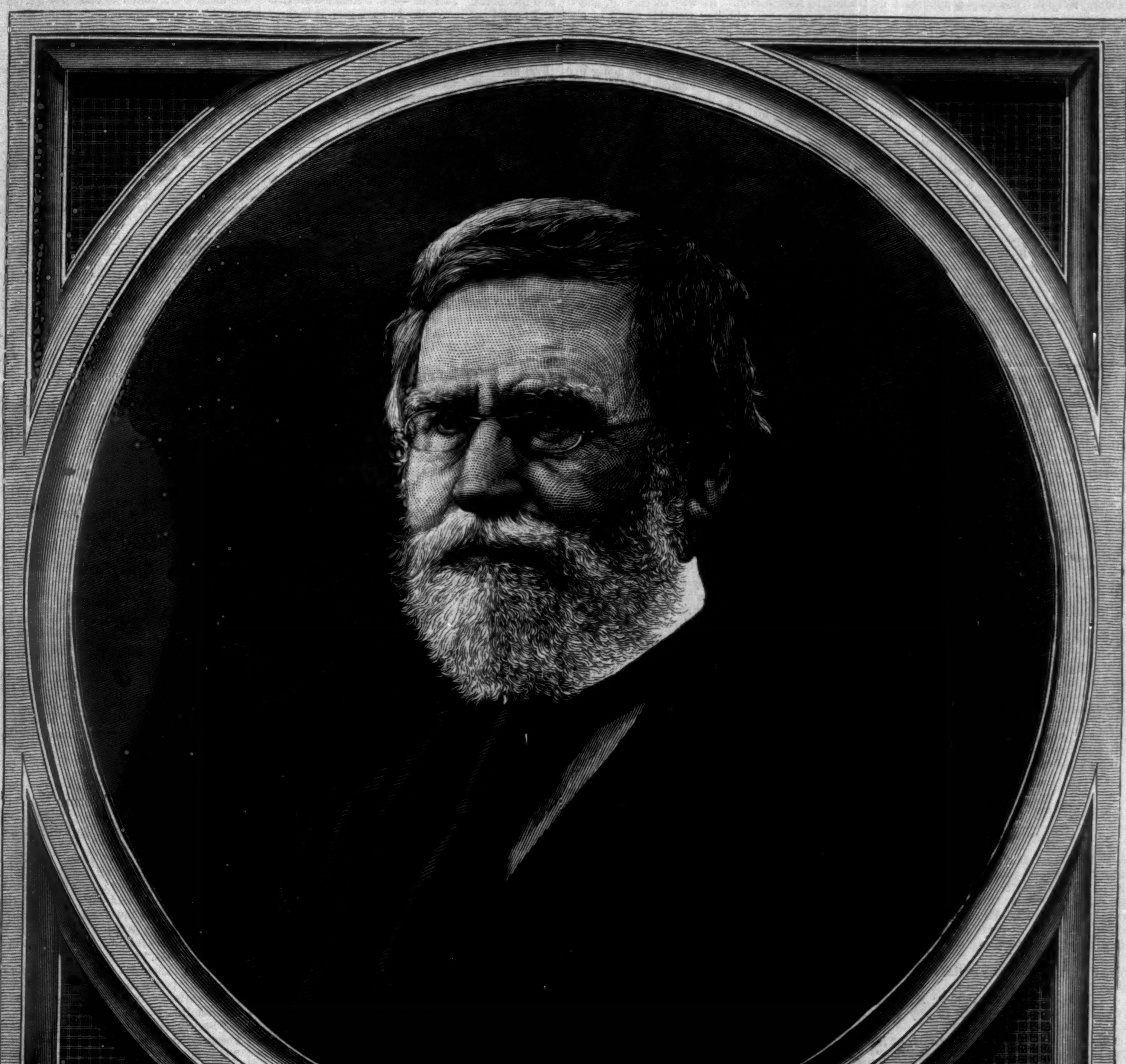
THE LATE GENERAL HOOKER.—Photographed by A. Bogardus.



THE LATE SENATOR CHANDLER.—Photographed by C. A. Bell.—[See Page 922.]

ruary, 1862, he was stationed in Southern Maryland, on the north shore of the Potomac, his duty being to prevent the rebels crossing the river, and to amuse them with their river blockade while McClellan was getting his army into trim. This difficult duty he performed admirably. He was then given the command of the Army of the Potomac, with promotion to Major-General, on May 5. From March to August, 1862, he continued in this service, being engaged in the siege of Yorktown, the battles of Fair Oaks, Williamsburg Road, Glendale, and Malvern Hill. Then, in Northern Virginia, in command of his division, he participated in the actions at Bristoe Station, Manassas, and Chantilly. Taking command of the First Corps of the Army of the Potomac on September 6, 1862, he took part in the Maryland campaign, fighting at South Mountain on September 14, and at Antietam on September 16 and 17, receiving so severe a wound in the latter action that he was disabled, and obtained sick-leave until November 10. Meanwhile he was appointed Brigadier-General in the regular army, and in January, 1863, he succeeded Burnside in command of the Army of the Potomac. The great engagement with the rebels during his brief command of the army was the battle of Chancellorsville, which resulted in the most disastrous defeat of the war. In June he began a pursuit of Lee's army into Pennsylvania, but becoming offended because General Halleck would not consent to the evacuation of Harper's Ferry, and the placing of the ten thousand men there under his orders for a demonstration on Lee's rear, he relinquished the command, and was succeeded by General Meade. In September, 1863, he was assigned to the command of the Twentieth Army Corps, and was distinguished at the capture of Lookout Mountain, the battle of Missionary Ridge, the pursuit of the Confederate army, and the action at Ringgold, Georgia, November 27, 1863. In the invasion of Georgia by General Sherman, Hooker led his corps up to the siege of Atlanta, until July 30, 1864, when on a question of command he was relieved at his own request. He subsequently commanded the Northern Department, the Department of the East, and that of the Lakes, was brevetted Major-General, United States Army, for gallantry at Chattanooga; and in October, 1868, he retired upon full rank of Major-General.

The title of "Fighting Joe" was very offensive to him. It was obtained by accident, not in the army, but through the efforts of a telegraph operator to furnish a running head for the sheets of accounts of the action at Malvern Hill. Hooker would not accept it. "It always sounds to me," he is reported to have said, when allusion was made to it, "as if it meant 'Fighting Fool.' It has really done me much injury in making the public believe I am a furious, headstrong fool, bent on making furious dashes at the enemy. I never have fought without good purpose, and with fair chances of success. When I have decided to fight, I have done so with all the vigor and strength I could command."



JACOB ABBOTT.

JACOB ABBOTT.

There are few English-reading families where the name of Jacob Abbott is not familiar as a household word. The little ones know him as their favorite author, and children of a larger growth often find themselves well entertained by his charming books. Not only this, but translations of his works have made their way into far-distant countries. Under the sunny skies of France, in the Vaterland, and even among strange Asiatic peoples, the children's writer of America has won for himself hosts of youthful friends and admirers.

It often seems strange in the case of writers who have carried us in imagination through so many strange scenes and incidents that their own experiences have not, after all, been so varied or so different from the common lot. The *ars scripta* seems to invest them with a new and peculiar personality, and it is difficult to realize that they themselves have not known every emotion and passed through every adventure of which their books tell. This is the case with the long and laborious life which was brought to such a peaceful close on Friday, October 31. Had Mr. Abbott's life been broken with long excursions into foreign lands, stirring campaigns in the field, and wild adventures by land and sea, he had not been able to give us the long series of entertaining and instructive volumes which delighted our childhood. Like the great majority who have left monuments behind them in the way of literary or artistic achievements, his life-story can be simply told. The main facts are, he lived, he labored, and he died. To these can be added scarcely more than a few dates to show where his days were passed, and what were the scenes of his quiet and protracted labors.

Hallowell, Maine, was Mr. Abbott's birth-place, and he is nearly a contemporary with the century. Born in 1803, his youth was passed amid the intellectual atmosphere of New England, of which he imbibed the influence to the fullest extent. Bowdoin College was his alma mater, whence he graduated at the age of seventeen, intent upon preparing himself for the ministry—a natural choice in one bred among the theological controversies which fifty years ago gave the greatest stimulus to thought in our country. After finishing his studies at Andover, Massachusetts, Mr. Abbott for a time filled the position of tutor at Amherst College, and in 1824 he was elected Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy in that institution. This position he held for four years, when he resigned it to take charge of the Mount Vernon School, for girls, in Boston, which at that time had been newly founded. During these years Mr. Abbott enjoyed a constant intercourse with young people, which no doubt gave him the thorough knowledge of their tastes and necessities that appears in so many of his works. It was not until 1834 that he gave up his position of teacher to engage in organizing the Eliot Congregational Church in Roxbury, of which he became pastor. This charge he held, however, but for four years, when he resigned it to his brother, and retired to Farmington, Maine, with the purpose of devoting himself to literary work. There he passed the remainder of his peaceful and useful life, and there he breathed his last.

For more than a quarter of a century Mr. Abbott was diligently employed in writing books for children. A complete catalogue of his works would comprise more than two hundred titles, but many of them were in series, such as the "Young Christian Series," which consisted of *The Corner-Stone*, *The Way to Do Good*, *Hoary-head*, and *McDonner*. This series, written while at Roxbury, made him very popular, and established his reputation. It was materially increased by the "Rollo Books," "The Franconia Stories," "The Lucy Books," "Harper's Story-Books," and very many others. He also, with the help of his brother John S. C. Abbott, who is very generally and widely known as the author of various historical works, and especially of the *History of Napoleon Bonaparte*—a book as extreme in its unqualified laudation of the great conqueror as Sir

Walter Scott's work had been in its censures of him—made a series of twenty short illustrated histories for children. These histories have been very widely read by American children, and in innumerable instances they have furnished the only historical education of whole communities in this country. Gradually, however, Mr. Abbott allowed the mantle of literary labor to fall upon the shoulders of his children, who inherited a liberal measure of their father's talent and application. Four of his sons have found places in the American cyclopedias. Benjamin Vaughan Abbott is a distinguished lawyer of this State, and his Reports, Digests, and Law Dictionary are standard books; Austin Abbott is associated with his brother Benjamin in the practice of law, and is a novelist of some note; Lyman Abbott was first a lawyer and then a clergyman, but of late years has devoted himself to literature; and Edward Abbott is the editor of the *Congregationalist*, a leading religious newspaper published in Boston.

The ruling motive of Mr. Abbott's books for children, and one which seems to be entering less and less into the juvenile literature of to-day, was instruction. It was his purpose to amuse and entertain, and this he knew how to do without losing sight of what was to him always the paramount object. Mirth and frolic he introduced, but there was always interwoven a good share of useful facts that he meant should remain with his young readers. "If there is anything clearly manifest," he writes, "of God's intentions in regard to employment for man, it is that he should spend a very considerable portion of his time upon earth in *acquiring knowledge*—knowledge in all the extent and variety in which it is offered to human powers. The whole economy of nature is such as to allure man to the investigation of it, and the whole structure of his mind is so framed as to qualify him for the work. If now a person begins in early life, and even as late as twenty, and makes it a part of his constant aim to acquire knowledge—endeavoring every day to learn something which he did not know before, or to fix something in the mind which was before not familiar—he will make an almost insensible but a most rapid and important progress. The field of his intellectual vision will widen and extend every year. His powers of mind as well as his attainments will be increased; and as he can see more extensively, so he can act more effectually, every month than he could in the preceding."

There could hardly be a greater contrast than is presented by the works of Jacob Abbott and those of Hans Christian Andersen, and yet both names suggest one thought, and that is that they belong to the children. They were two great and world-renowned contemporaries who have exerted their utmost talents for the little folks. The guerdon which they have reaped from fame has been the applause of childish hearts and voices. The one has sent his books from a quiet New England home to delight the little ones of the Danish peninsula; the other, in his cottage home at Odense, has written for audiences scattered throughout our great republic. The last dealt in romance and in fairy lore, the first only in the fairy tales of science and the wondrous facts of the universe, that need no help from the imagination to make them fascinating if properly presented. Hans Christian Andersen died four years ago in his island home; but when the grave closed over Jacob Abbott, America lost a writer who stood alone in this department of literature, and who is not likely to have a rival to his fame.

A BANK-NOTE, IN TWO HALVES.

FIRST HALF.

Wet and dreary. It is midwinter: the scene is Kirklington, on the London and Northwestern; the time, 10.45: just after the night mail has flashed through without stopping—bound for Liverpool and the North. The railway officials—pointsmen, signalmen, porters, plate-layers—are collecting preparatory to going off duty for the night.

"Where's Dan?" asks one of the crowd upon the platform.

"I saw him in the hut just after the 10.45 went through. Can't have come to any harm, surely."

"No; he said he'd seen something drop from the train, and he went down the line to pick it up."

And Dan had picked up something. It was a basket, a common white wicker basket, with a lid fastened down by a string. What did it contain? Refreshments? Dirty clothes? What?

A baby—a child half a dozen weeks old, no more. A pink and white piece of human china, as fragile as Dresden, and as delicately fashioned and tinted as biscuit or Rose Pompadour.

"Where did you come across it?" asked one.

"Lying on the line, just where it fell. Perhaps it didn't fall, perhaps it was chucked out. What matter? I've got it, and got to look after it, that's enough for me. Some day maybe I'll come across them as owns it, and then they shall pay me and take it back."

"Is there nothing about him? Turn him over."

The little mite's linen was white and of fine material, but he lay upon an old shawl and a few bits of dirty flannel. All they found was a dilapidated purse, a common snap-lock bag-purse of faded brown leather. Inside was a brass thimble, a pawn ticket, and the half of a Bank-of-England note for £100.

"What good's half a bank-note to you?"

"Half a loaf's better than no bread."

"Yes, but you can eat one, but you can't pass the other. Won't you catch it from your wife? How'll you face her, Dan? What 'll she say?"

"She'll say I done quite right," replied Dan, stoutly. "She's a good sort, God bless her!"

"So are you, Dan, that's a fact. God bless you too," said more than one rough voice in softened accents. "Perhaps the brat 'll bring you luck, after all."

Winter-tide again, six years later, but this season is wet and slushy. Once more we are at Kirklington, a long straggling village, which might have slumbered on in obscurity forever, had not the Northwestern line been carried close by it, to give it a place in Bradshaw, and a certain importance as a junction and centre for goods traffic. But the activity was all about the station. All the permanent officials had houses and cottages there; in the village lived only the field-laborers who worked at the neighboring estate, or sometimes lent their hand for a job of navvying on the line. These poor folk had a grewsome life of it, a hard hand-to-mouth struggle for bare existence against perpetual privation, accompanied by unremitting toil.

A new parson—Harold Treffry—had come lately to Kirklington. He was an earnest, energetic young man, who had won his spurs in an East End parish, and had now accepted this country living because it seemed to open up a new field of usefulness. He had plunged bravely into the midst of his work; he was forever going up and down among his parishioners, solacing and comforting, preaching manful endurance and trustfulness to all.

He is now paying a round of parochial visits, accompanied by an old college chum, who is spending Christmas with him.

"Yonder," said Treffry, pointing to a thin thread of smoke which rose from some gaunt trees into the sullen wintry air—"yonder is the house—if, indeed, it deserves so grand a name—the hovel, rather, of one whose case is the hardest of all the hard ones in my unhappy cure. This man is a mere hedger and ditcher, one who works for any master, most often for the railway, but who is never certain of a job all the year round. He has a swarm of young children, and he has just lost his wife. He is absolutely prostrated; aghast probably at the future before him, and his utter incapacity to do his duty by his motherless little ones. Jack!" said the parson, stopping short suddenly, and looking straight into his companion's face, "I wonder whether *you* could rouse him? If you could only get him to make a sign—to cry, or laugh, or take the smallest interest in common affairs. Jack, I believe you're the very man. You might get at him through the children?—that marvellous hanky-panky of yours, those surprising tricks: a child takes to you naturally at once. Try and make friends with these. Perhaps when the father sees them interested and amused, he may warm a little, speak perhaps, approve, perhaps smile, and in the end give in. Jack, will you try?"

Jack Newbiggin was by profession a conveyancer, but nature had intended him for a new Houdin, or a Wizard of the North. He was more than half a professional by the time he was full grown. In addition to the quick eye and the facile wrist he had the rarer gifts of the suave manner and the face of brass. He had even studied mesmerism and clairvoyance, and could upon occasion surprise his audience considerably by his power.

They entered the miserable dwelling together. The children—eight of them—were skirmishing all over the floor. They were quite unmanageable, and beyond the control of the eldest sister, who was busied in setting out the table for the mid-day meal; one other child, of six or seven, a bright-eyed, exceedingly beautiful boy, the least—were not nature's vagaries well known—likely to be born among and belong to such surroundings, stood between the legs of the man himself, who had his back to the visitors, and was crouching low over the scanty fire.

The man turned his head for a moment, gave a blank stare, then an imperceptible nod, and once more he glowered down upon the fire.

"Here, little ones, do you see this gentleman? He's a conjurer. Know what a conjurer is, Tommy?" cried the parson, catching up a mite of four or five from the floor. "No, not you; nor you, Sarah; nor you, Jacky;" and he ran through all their names.

They had now ceased their gambols, and were staring hard at their visitors. The moment was propitious: Jack Newbiggin began. He had fortunately filled his pockets with nuts, oranges, and cakes before leaving the parsonage, so he had half his apparatus ready to hand.

The pretty boy had very soon left the father at the fire, and had come over to join in the fun, going back, however, to exhibit his share of the spoil, and describe voluminously what had occurred. This and the repeated shouts of laughter seemed to produce some impression on him. Presently he looked over his shoulder, and said, but without animation:

"It be very good of you, Sir, surely; very good for to take so kindly to the little chicks. It does them good to laugh a bit, and it ain't much as they've had to make 'em, lately."

"It is good for all of us, now and again, I take it," said Jack, desisting, and going toward him, the children gradually collecting in a far-off corner and comparing notes.

"You can't laugh, Sir, if your heart's heavy; if you do, it can be only a sham."

While he was speaking he had taken the Bible from the shelf, and resuming his seat, began to turn the leaves slowly over.

"I'm an untaught, rough countryman, Sir, but I have heard tell that these strange things you do are only tricks; ain't it so?"

Here was, indeed, a hopeful symptom. He was roused, then, to take some interest in what had occurred.

"All trick, of course; it all comes of long practice," said Jack, as he proceeded to explain some of the simple processes, hoping to enchain the man's attention.

"That's what I thought, Sir, or I'd have given you a job to do. I've been in want of a real conjurer many a long day, and nothing less 'll do. See here, Sir," he said, as he took a small, carefully folded paper from between the leaves of the Bible; "do you see this?"

It was half a Bank-of-England note for £100.

"Now, Sir, could any conjurer help me to the other half?"

"How did you come by it?" Jack asked at once.

"I'll tell you, Sir, short as I can make it. Conjurer or no conjurer, you've got a kindly heart, and I'm main sure that you'll help me if you can."

Dan then described how he had picked up the basket from the 10.45 Liverpool express.

"There was the linen; I've kept it. See here; all marked quite pretty and proper, with lace round the edges, as though its mother loved to make the little one smart."

Jack examined the linen; it bore a monogram and crest. The first he made out to mean H.L.M.; and the crest was plainly two hammers crossed, and the motto, "I strike"—not a common crest—and he did not remember to have seen it before.

"And this was all?"

"'Cept the bank-note. That was in a poor old purse, with a pawn ticket and a thimble. I kept them all."

Like a true detective Jack examined every article minutely. The purse bore the name Hester Gorrigan in rude letters inside, and the pawn ticket was made out in the same name.

"I can not give you much hope that I shall succeed, but I will do my best. Will you trust me with the note for a time?"

"Surely, Sir, with the greatest of pleasure. If you could but find the other half, it would give Harry—that's what we call him—such a grand start in life: schooling and the price of binding him to some honest trade."

Jack shook the man's hand, promised to do his best, and left the cottage.

SECOND HALF.

When Jack Newbiggin got back to the parsonage he found that his host had accepted an invitation for them both to dine at the "Big House," as it was called, the country-seat of the squire of the parish.

They were cordially received at the "Big House." Jack was handed over forthwith to his old friends, who figuratively rushed into his arms. They were London acquaintances, no more—of the sort we meet here and there and everywhere during the season, who care for us, and we for them, as much as for South-sea Islanders, but whom we greet with rapturous effusion when we meet them in a strange place. Jack knew the lady whom he escorted in to dinner as a gossipy dame, who, when his back was turned, made as much sport of him as of her other friends.

"I have been fighting your battles all day," began Mrs. Sitwell.

"Was it necessary? I should have thought myself too insignificant."

"They were talking at lunch of your wonderful knack in conjuring, and some one said that the skill might prove inconvenient—when you played cards, for instance."

"A charitable imputation! With whom did it originate?"

"Sir Lewis Mallaby."

"Please point him out to me."

He was shown a grave, scowling face upon the right of the hostess—a face like a mask, its surface rough and wrinkled, through which the eyes shone out with baleful light, like corpse-candles in a sepulchre.

"Pleasant creature! I'd rather not meet him alone on a dark night."

"He has a terrible character, certainly. Turned his wife out of doors because she would not give him an heir. It is this want of children to inherit his title and estates which preys upon his mind, they say, and makes him so morose and melancholy."

Jack let his companion chatter on. It was his habit to get all the information possible about any company in which he found himself, for his own purposes as a clairvoyant; and when Mrs. Sitwell flagged, he plied her with artless questions, and led her on from one person to another, making mental notes to serve him hereafter. It is thus by careful and laborious preparation that many of the strange and seemingly mysterious feats of the clairvoyant conjurer are performed.

When the whole party was assembled in the drawing-room after dinner, a chorus of voices, headed by that of the hostess, summoned Jack to his work. There appeared to be only one dissentient, Sir Lewis Mallaby, who not only did not trouble himself to back up the invitation, but when the performance was actually begun, was at no pains to conceal his contempt and disgust.

The conjurer made the conventional plum-pudding in a hat, fired wedding rings into quartern loaves, did all manner of card tricks, knife tricks, pistol tricks, and juggled on conscientiously right through his *répertoire*. There was never a smile on Sir Lewis's face; he sneered unmistakably. Finally, with an ostentation that savored of rudeness, he took out his watch, a great gold repeater, looked at it, and unmistakably yawned.

Jack hungered for that watch directly he saw it. Perhaps through it he might make its owner uncomfortable, if only for a moment. But how to get it into his hands? He asked for a watch. A dozen were offered. No, none of these would do. It must be a gold watch, a repeater. Sir Lewis Mallaby's was the only one in the room, and he at first distinctly refused to lend it. But so many earnest entreaties were addressed to him, the hostess leading the attack, that he could not in common courtesy continue to refuse. With something like a growl, he took his watch off the chain and handed it to Jack Newbiggin.

A curious old-fashioned watch it was, which would have gladdened the heart of a watch-collector: all jewelled and enamelled, adorned with crest and inscription—an heirloom, which had probably been in the Mallaby family for years. Jack looked it over curiously, meditatively, then suddenly raising his eyes, he stared intently into Sir Lewis Mallaby's face, and almost as quickly dropped them again.

"This is far too valuable," he said, courteously, "too much of a treasure to be risked in any conjuring trick; an ordinary modern watch I might replace, but not a work of art like this."

And he handed it back to Sir Lewis, who received it with ill-concealed satisfaction. He was as much pleased, probably, at Jack's expression of possible failure in the proposed trick as at the recovery of his property.

Another watch, however, was pounded up into powder, and brought out whole from a cabinet in an adjoining room; and this trick successfully accomplished, Jack Newbiggin, who was now completely on his mettle, passed on to higher flights. He had spent the vacation of the year previous in France, as the pupil of a wizard of European fame, and had mastered many of the strange feats which are usually attributed to clairvoyance. There is something especially uncanny about these tricks, and Jack's reputation rapidly increased with this new exhibition of his powers. Thanks to his cross-examination of Mrs. Sitwell at dinner, he was in possession of many facts connected with the company, although mostly strangers to him; and some of his hits were so palpably happy that he raised shouts of surprise, followed by that terrified hush which not uncommonly succeeds the display of seemingly supernatural powers.

"Oh, but this is too preposterous!" Sir Lewis Mallaby was heard to say, quite angrily. The continued applause profoundly disgusted him. "This is the merest charlatanism. It must be put an end to. It is the commonest imposture. These are things which he has coached up in advance. Let him be tried with something which upon the face of it he can not have learned beforehand by artificial means."

"Try him, Sir Lewis, try him yourself," cried several voices.

"I scarcely like to lend myself to such folly, to encourage so pitiable an exhibition."

But he seemed to be conscious that further protest would tell in Jack's favor.

"I will admit that you have considerable power in this strange branch of necromancy if you will answer a few questions of mine."

"Proceed," said Jack, gravely, meeting his eyes firmly and without flinching.

"Tell me what is most on my mind at this present moment."

"The want of a male heir," Jack replied, promptly, and thanked Mrs. Sitwell in his heart.

"Pshaw! You have learned from Burke that I have no children," said Sir Lewis, boldly, but he was a little taken aback. "Anything else?"

"The memory of a harsh deed you now strive in vain to redeem."

"This borders upon impertinence," said Sir Lewis, with a hot flush on his cheek, and passion in his eyes. "But let us leave abstractions, and try tangible realities. Can you tell me what I have in this pocket?" He touched the left breast of his tail coat.

"A pocket-book."

"Bah! *Çà va sans dire.* Every one carries a pocket-book in his pocket."

"But do you?" asked several of the by-standers, all of whom were growing deeply interested in this strange duel.

Sir Lewis Mallaby confessed that he did, and produced it—an ordinary morocco leather purse and pocket-book all in one.

"Are you prepared to go on?" said the baronet, haughtily, to Jack.

"Certainly."

"What does this pocket-book contain?"

"Evidence."

The contest between them was now *à outrance*

"Evidence of what?"

"Of facts that must sooner or later come to light. You have in that pocket-book links in a long chain of circumstance which, however carefully concealed or anxiously dreaded, time in its inexorable course must bring eventually to light. There is no bond, says the Spanish proverb, which is not some day fulfilled, no debt that in the long-run is not paid."

"What ridiculous nonsense! I give you my word this pocket-book contains nothing—absolutely nothing—but a Bank-of-England note for one hundred pounds."

"Stay!" cried Jack Newbiggin, facing him abruptly, and speaking in a voice of thunder. "It is not so—you know it—it is only the half!"

And as he spoke he took the crumpled paper from the hands of the really stupefied baronet. It was exhibited for inspection—the half of a Bank-of-England note for £100.

There was much applause at this harmless and successful *dénouement* of what threatened at one stage to lead to altercation, perhaps to a quarrel. But Jack Newbiggin was not satisfied.

"As you have dared me to do my worst," said Jack, "listen now to what I have to say. Not only did I know that was only the half of a note, but I know where the other half is to be found."

"So much the better for me," said the baronet, with an effort to appear humorous.

"The other half was given to— Shall I say, Sir Lewis?"

Sir Lewis nodded indifferently.

"It was given to one Hester Gorrigan, an Irish nurse, six years ago. It was the price of a deed of which you—"

"Silence! Say no more," cried Sir Lewis, in horror. "I see you know all. I swear I have had no peace since I was tempted so sorely, and so weakly fell. But I am prepared to make all the restitution and reparation in my power, unless, unhappily—unless it be already too late."

Even while he was speaking his face turned ghastly pale, his lips were covered with a fine white foam, he made one or two convulsive attempts to steady himself, then, with a wild, terrified look around, he fell heavily to the floor.

It was a paralytic seizure. They took him up stairs and tended him; but the case was desperate from the first. Only just before the end did he so far recover the power of speech as to be able to make full confession of what had occurred.

Sir Lewis had been a younger son; the eldest inherited the family title, but died early, leaving his widow to give him a posthumous heir, the title remaining in abeyance until time showed whether the infant was a boy or a girl. It proved to be a boy, whereupon Lewis Mallaby, who had the earliest intimation of the fact, put into execution a nefarious project which he had carefully concocted in advance. A girl was obtained from a foundling hospital, and substituted by Lady Mallaby's nurse, who was in Lewis's pay, for the newly born son and heir. This son and heir was handed over to another accomplice, Hester Gorrigan, who was bribed with £100, half down in the shape of a half note, the other half to be paid when she announced her safe arrival in Texas with the stolen child. Mrs. Gorrigan had an unquenchable thirst, and in her transit between London and Liverpool allowed her precious charge to slip out of her hands, with the consequences we know.

It was the watch borrowed from Sir Lewis Mallaby which first aroused Jack's suspicions. It bore the strange crest—two hammers crossed, with the motto, "I strike"—which was marked upon the linen of the child that Dan Blockit picked up at Kirklington station. The initial of the name Mallaby coincided with the monogram H.L.M. Jack rapidly drew his conclusions, and made a bold shot, which hit the mark as we have seen.

Lewis Mallaby's confession soon re-instated the rightful heir, and Dan Blockit in after-years had no reason to regret the generosity which had prompted him to give the little foundling the shelter of his rude home.

THE DEAD SENATOR.

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, United States Senator from Michigan, spoke at a political meeting in Chicago on the night of the 31st ult., and the next morning was found dead in his bed at the Grand Pacific Hotel. Having received a number of visitors in the afternoon, he complained to a friend of a pain in his chest. He took a nap, and when he awoke he again complained of pain, and expressed the belief that he had taken cold while speaking in an open tent at Jamesville. After his return from the political meeting, he bade Mr. SPALDING good-night at his room in the hotel, and requested the porter to call him at seven o'clock. As Mr. SPALDING shook his hand he said, "I hope, Senator, you will arrive home safely, and have a quiet time. You have had a hard fight through this campaign." To this Senator CHANDLER replied, "I feel relieved to think I am so near the end." In the morning the porter found him dead in his bed.

Mr. CHANDLER was born in Bedford, New Hampshire, December 10, 1813. There he spent his boyhood days, and received his education. When a young man he went to Detroit, Michigan, where he became a prosperous merchant. In 1851 he was elected Mayor of that city. A year later the Whigs ran him for Governor of the State, but he was defeated. He succeeded General CASS as Senator in the Thirty-fifth Congress. He was twice re-elected to the Senate, serving uninterruptedly from March 4, 1857, to March 3, 1875. In October, 1875, he was appointed by President GRANT to the position of Secretary of the Interior. During the national campaign of 1876 he was Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Of Mr. CHANDLER's recent service in the Senate little need be said, except that he took the seat vacated by the retirement of Senator CHRISTIANCY, and on the 3d of March last made a forcible speech against the bill granting a pension to JEFFERSON DAVIS, which profoundly impressed the country. The dead Senator left a fortune of several millions of dollars.

LOST IN THE FOG.

IN one of the strongest poems that ever came from WHITTIER's pen he writes:

> "Stout are the hearts that man
> The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sail-boats of Cape Ann."

These hardy fishermen that face not only such perils as that depicted in our engraving on page 928, but every disaster that the treacherous deep has in readiness for those who seek a living upon its surface, are indeed among the stoutest and hardiest of the brave men whose industry has made and maintains the prosperity of our nation. The seamen of Massachusetts, even in the middle of the last century, had carried the fisheries to a point then unknown in the history of the nations. EDMUND BURKE, in 1775, alluding to this business as pursued by "this recent people," observed, "No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries, no climate that is not witness to their toils." But even BURKE, with his prophetic foresight, could never have imagined the surprising prosperity which the business has attained under the hardy skill of the fishermen of the North. Perilous indeed it may be called, if the assertion be true that in the single town of Marblehead every third woman is a widow; but nowhere in the United States are there so many homes rendered desolate by marine disasters. Every year fishing vessels put to sea and are never seen again; and the fatal list increases as the business is extended.

The fisheries on the Banks of Newfoundland are carried on by means of small schooner-rigged vessels built expressly for the purpose. Some twenty-five years ago a peculiarly modelled craft, known as "pinky," was in general use, whose build was considered better adapted to riding out a sea than any other. These, however, are now rarely seen, the "Down-Easters" taking a commendable pride in the models of their fishing vessels. There are two or three modes of fitting out for the fisheries. The first is done by six or seven farmers or their sons building a schooner during the winter, which they man themselves (for the dwellers on our Northern coasts can hoe corn or reef a mainsail with equal facility), and taking in a few months' stores, they proceed to the Banks, Gulf of St. Lawrence, or Labrador, load with fish, and complete the voyage between spring-time and harvest. The proceeds they divide, after paying any balance that may be due for outfit. They remain at home long enough to assist in gathering crops, and proceed again for another cargo, which is salted down and not afterward dried. This is termed mud-fish, and is kept for home consumption. Another plan is for the owner of a vessel to charter her to ten or fifteen men on shares; he finds the stores, and the nets, if any are to be used. The men pay for the provisions, hooks and lines, and for the salt necessary to cure their proportion of the fish. The first spring voyage is made to the Banks, and if this proves successful, two successive but short ones are made during the year.

The scenes aboard a fishing-smack on good fishing ground are either exceedingly dull or exceedingly lively. It all depends upon whether there are fish enough about to keep the crew in motion. The cod, when they first appear, are blessed with prodigious appetites, and seize upon the bait with the eagerness of hunger. The moment the line is tightened, the operation is simply to haul it rapidly in, until the victim of misplaced voracity arrives at the surface, when, if the fish is too large for one man to take on board, or the hook can not be trusted, a gaff (or pole with a sharp iron hook at the end) is inserted into the gills, and the captive lifted carefully on board. They average fourteen pounds in weight, but are sometimes caught weighing more than fifty pounds. Aboard a fishing-smack every man has his allotted berth or station (three feet and a half of rail), with a cleat for his line and a space on deck for the coils of his gear, which is considered inviolate. These rails are usually about three feet high. The lines are allowed to run out until the lead strikes bottom (say thirty or forty fathoms), which is then raised just enough to allow the gear to clear the bottom; for cod, unlike mackerel, do not often show at the surface, but swim at a great depth. The bait used is either soft-shell clams (salted and barrelled) or squid. These last are caught by means of a "squid-jig"—a piece of pewter run on a paper of hooked pins. Squid are scarce and valuable, and are only taken at night. Herring is sometimes used; and when other bait fails, the throat of the cod-fish, which is considered a great delicacy among the "cod-fish aristocracy" of the Banks.

As soon as a fair catch of fish is obtained, the order is usually given by the skipper to haul in gear, and fall to splitting and salting. This operation, which is known as "dressing down," is performed on hogshead tubs or boards placed between two barrels. Each man keeps tally of his fish as he hauls them in by cutting out the tongues—these denote his share of the catch. The crew divide themselves into throaters, headers, salters, splitters, and packers. The business of the throater, as his name implies, is to cut with a sharp-pointed double-edged knife across the throat of the fish to the bone, and rip open the bowels. He then passes it quickly to the header, who, with a strong, sudden wrench, pulls off the head and tears out the entrails, passing the fish instantly to the splitter, at the same time separating the liver, he throws the entrails overboard. The splitter, with one cut, lays the fish open from head to tail, and almost with the twinkling of an eye, with another cut, takes out the backbone. After separating the sounds, which are placed with the tongues, and packed in barrels as a great delicacy, the backbone follows the entrails overboard, while the fish, at the same moment, is passed with the other hand to the salter. Such is the amazing quickness of the operations of heading and splitting, that a good workman will often decapitate and take out the entrails and backbones of six fish in a minute. Every fisherman is supposed to know something of each of these operations, and no rivals at cricket ever entered with more ardor into their work than do some athletic champions for the palm of "dressing down" after a "day's catch." After the catch is washed off with buckets of pure water from the ocean, the fish are passed to the salters, and thence to the packers in the hold.

The monotony of cod-fishing is sometimes broken by the boat finding herself in contact with a school of mackerel. At such times the business is thoroughly exciting. No time is lost by the fisherman in unhooking, and he hauls as fast as his hands can move until the fish appears in sight, when, with one motion, he is swung quickly over the rail into a barrel or heap, and so dexterously that the hook disengages itself in the same act. The long, lithe bodies of the fishermen bending eagerly over their work, the quick and nervous twitching at the line, followed by the steady strain, and the rapid hand-over-hand haul that brings the prize to the surface, and the easy swing with which he describes a circle in the air as the victor slaps him into his barrel, the flipping of the captives about deck mingling with the merry laughter of the excited crew—it is a sport to which the efforts of the trout angler, or the fowler with his double-barrelled shot-gun, are but puny and insignificant in comparison.

Wind and rain and fog are hard to bear upon an ocean steamer supplied with all kinds of wet-weather resources, but in a fishing-smack they are almost intolerable. Even the patient fishermen, who seem to possess a philosophical spirit unknown to land-bred spirits, find the depressing influences taking hold of them after a time. Occasionally there will be days when the fog lies so low that the talk and laughter of crews aboard other boats can be distinctly heard while they themselves remain invisible. If, however, the vessel is alone and the wind dead, there will be days together when the silence is unbroken but by the splash of some inhabitant of the watery world, or the cry of a sea-fowl winging its way along. Here and there, perhaps, a speck on the water will denote where one of these has found a resting-place on some floating bit of wood washed overboard from the timbermen passing between British America and England. Sometimes the continuous fog hanging along the ocean opens and reveals the shadowy outline of a vessel hull down on the horizon; or the increasing cold and the "blink" in the sky show where the great currents from the polar seas are bearing southward the pinnacled icebergs, daily diminishing in size as they leave behind them the frigid regions of their birth.

Toward the southwest extremity of Newfoundland, between the settlement of La Poile and Cape Ray, there lies a gloomy cluster of small, low, rocky islets, separated from the main-land by a narrow channel. The melancholy name of Dead Islands has been given to them, supposed to be derived from the number and fatality of the shipwrecks in the neighborhood. Some forty years ago there dwelt on these barren rocks a man named GEORGE HARVEY, a fisherman fond of the sea, and familiarly acquainted with the inhabitants of the waters, from the huge finned whale to the beautiful little capelin. He knew well enough the black bear, gray wolf, and splendid caribou, and was familiar with the osprey, ptarmigan, eider-duck, and great northern diver; but frogs, toads, snakes, and other reptiles he had never seen, there being none in the island, though no legend is current there how St. PATRICK "banished all the varmint." One of the commonest domesticated quadrupeds, also, in the country was equally unknown, except by report, till on a visit to some settlement in Fortune Bay he for the first time encountered a horse! His emotions at the sight were akin to those of the Mexicans on beholding the steeds of the Spanish invaders. The people wished, he said, to persuade him into mounting on its back, but he "knew better than that," though one fellow did ride it up and down several times. It was a feat too daring for the bold fisherman, who would sooner have mounted in his boat the stormiest billow that ever rolled.

HARVEY's tales of the shipwrecks and disasters in the vicinity of his island home were terrible to hear. Among other incidents of his life he was accustomed to relate that he had been employed along with others for five days in digging graves and interring dead bodies cast ashore from a single wreck. He had a large family of sons and daughters, mostly grown up. On one occasion, during a heavy gale, the brig *Dispatch*, full of emigrants of the poorer class, struck on a rock about three miles from his house. Though the sea was running high, the old man put off in his punt to the rescue, accompanied by a gallant girl of seventeen, and a brave lad of twelve. By dint of great exertions they succeeded in successively bringing away the whole of the crew and passengers, amounting to one hundred and sixty-three persons. This was as heroic an action as that which excited such general admiration in England when GRACE DARLING adventured on the stormy deep, with her father, off the coast of Northumberland. HARVEY hospitably entertained the shipwrecked emigrants according to his means, and shared his provisions with them till tidings could be sent to La Poile, and a vessel arrived to carry them away. They remained more than a fortnight, and so completely exhausted his stores that the family had neither bread, flour, nor tea through the whole winter, but subsisted chiefly on salt fish. Sir T. COCHRANE, then Governor of the island, on hearing of his conduct, properly rewarded him with £100, and an honorary medal. A few years afterward, the ship *Rankin*, of Glasgow, struck on a rock and went to pieces, the crew hanging on to an iron bar or rail that went round the poop, when he fetched them off, by six or eight at a time, to the number of twenty-five, braving a heavy sea, in his punt.

Yet, for all this, the fisherman of the Newfoundland Banks is never of a gloomy temperament, or depressed or overawed by the fate which he has seen so many of his comrades suffer, and which he knows may any moment be in store for himself. His face is rather the reflex of a serious but cheerful and contented spirit, the result of a philosophical, half-careless dependence upon luck. He is generous and fearless in his address, of simple and economical habits, and, like most men of hardy frame and strong constitution, almost peculiar in a placid good humor which rarely leaves him. Always ready for any fortune, the fisherman endeavors to look upon the bright side of life, and extract whatever there may be of pleasure in his hazardous calling.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE young lady who aspires to be admitted to the ranks of the legal profession does not reflect that the gratification of her ambition would only make her a bar-maid.

A Miss Gush was elected School Superintendent in Mono County on Tuesday, on Wednesday appointed a male deputy, and on Thursday married him. This shows how mean women can be when they have the advantage of a man.

The just published report of an Irish benevolent society says, "Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year."

ROOM FOR THE MONKEY.—A humorist leaps gayly upon the step of one of the gigantic omnibuses of the boulevard, and cries cheerily to the conductor, "Is the ark full?" "No, Sir," replies the jovial conductor; "we have kept a seat for you. What, ho! within there! Room for the monkey, room!"

THINGS ARE NOT EXACTLY RIGHT.—A careful political economist closely calculates that the women in this country might annually save $14,500,000 in ribbons, which the men might spend in cigars.

A LINE STORM—A kicking horse. This equine knocks all.

A post in the ground becomes decade wood at the end of ten years.

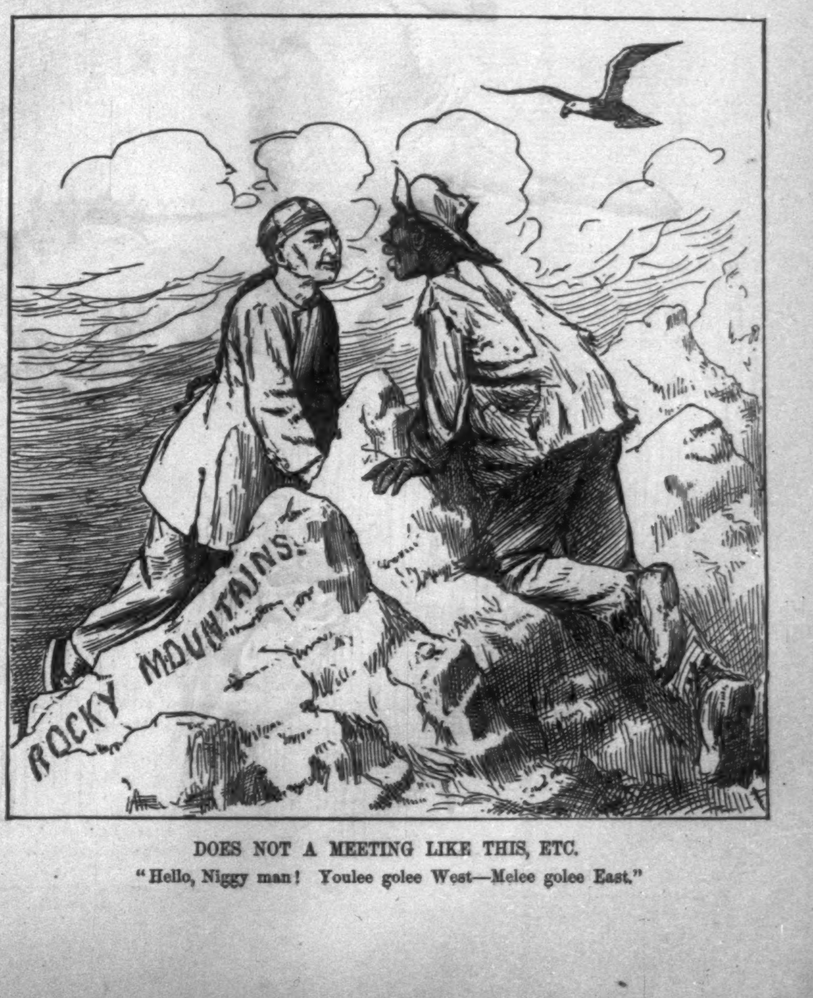
The barber's razor took hold of his beard with a vengeance, when he looked up and said, apologetically, "My dear Sir, I came in to get shaved—not to get a tooth pulled."

Blunders upon the stage have often relieved a dull play; and it is remarkable that if one actor stumbles, another is almost sure to follow his example. Charles Mathews, if he once blundered in his popular *At Home*, was sure to make many blunders, perchance from his habit of imitation. Two of the most celebrated stage blunders once occurred in the comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage*, when one of the characters saw a "candle going along the gallery with a man in his hand," and another "locked the key, and put the door in his pocket."

Some people assert that they have seen a horse *draw*, a bell *pull*, a lump of coal *smoke*, a pail *run*, a bun *dance*, and a wheel *write*.

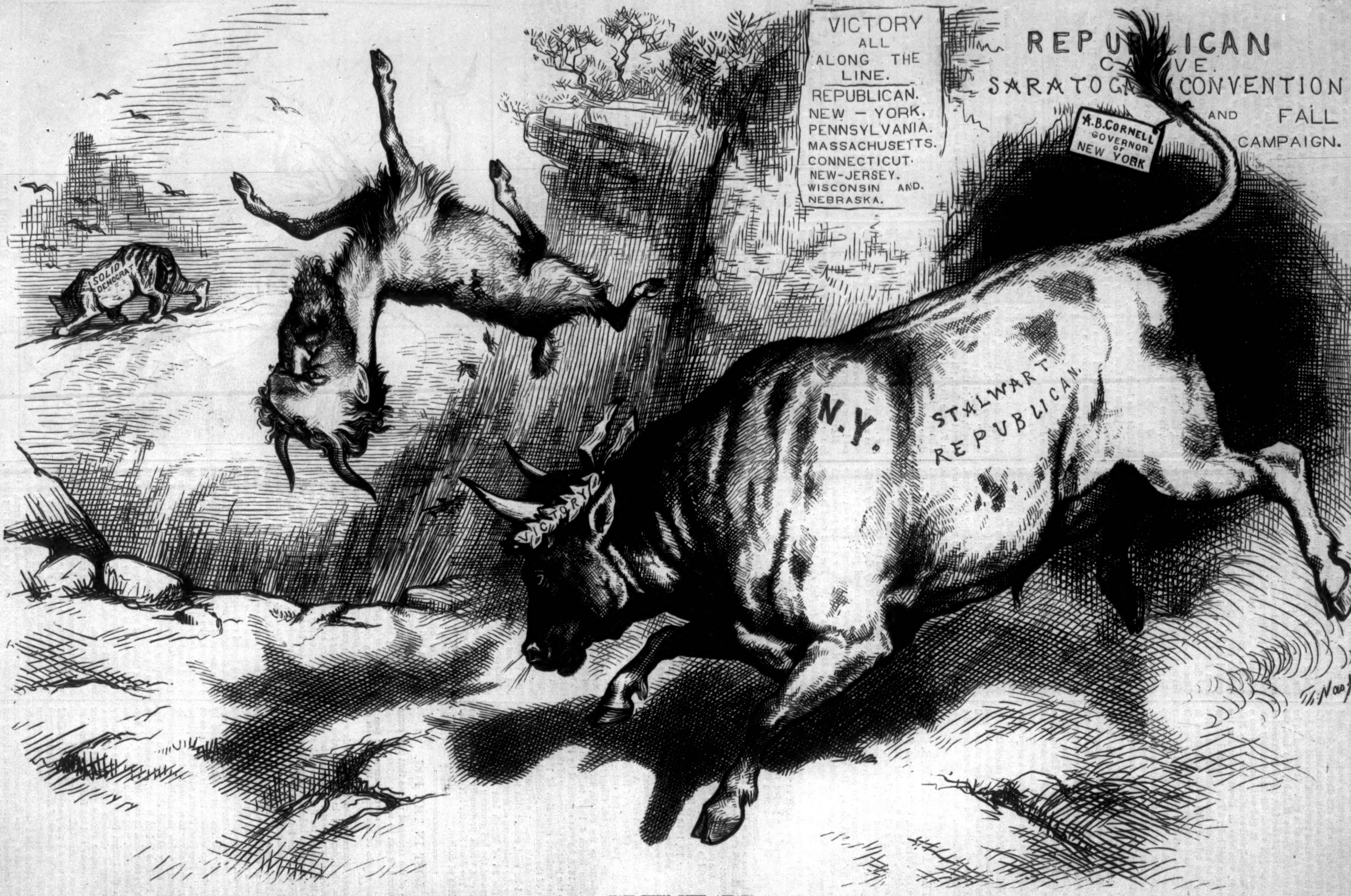
When does a farmer act with great rudeness toward his corn?—When he pulls its ears.

RAILROAD WAGGERY.—Waggs went to the station of one of our railroads the other evening, and finding the seats all occupied, said, in a loud tone, "Why, this car isn't going!" Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Waggs took the best seat. The train soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation the wag was questioned. "You said this car wasn't going?" "Well, it wasn't then," replied Waggs, "but it is now."



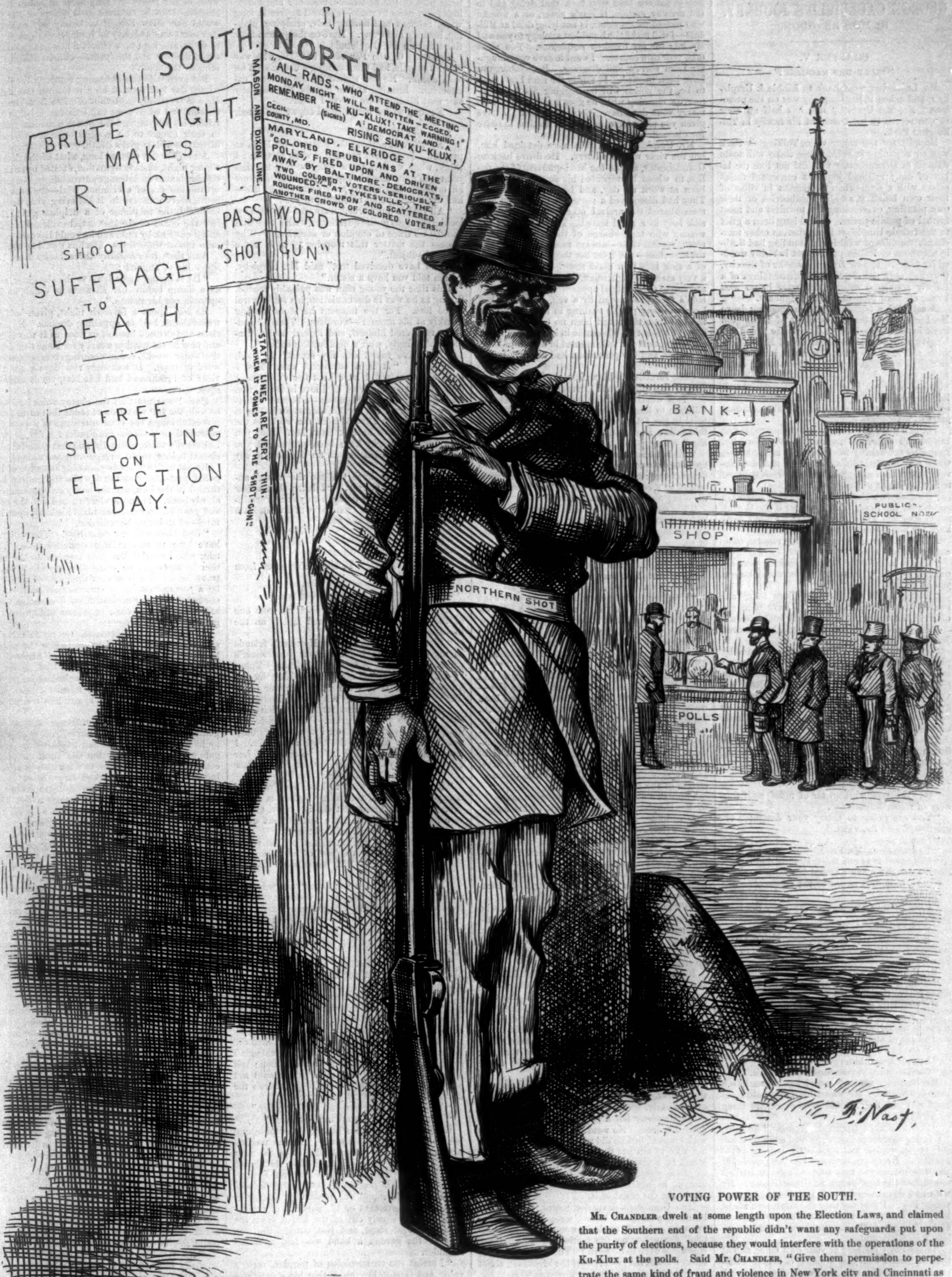
DOES NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS, ETC.

"Hello, Niggy man! Youlee golee West—Melee golee East."


VICTORY ALL ALONG THE LINE.
REPUBLICAN. NEW-YORK. PENNSYLVANIA. MASSACHUSETTS. CONNECTICUT. NEW-JERSEY. WISCONSIN AND. NEBRASKA.
REPUBLICAN CAVE. SARATOGA CONVENTION AND FALL CAMPAIGN.
A.B. CORNELL GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK
N.Y.
STALWART REPUBLICAN.
VICTORY
SOLID DEMOCRAT
Th. Nast

NOW THEN, BUTT AWAY!

"A Bull, escaping from a Tiger, entered a cave, which some shepherds had lately occupied. A he-Goat was left in it, who sharply attacked him with his horns. The Bull quietly addressed him: 'Butt away as much as you will. I have no fear of you, but of the Tiger. Let that monster once go, and I will soon let you know what is the respective strength of a Goat and a Bull.'"—A Fable.


SOUTH.
NORTH.
"ALL RADS, WHO ATTEND THE MEETING MONDAY NIGHT WILL BE ROTTEN-EGGED. REMEMBER THE KU-KLUX! TAKE WARNING!" (SIGNED) A DEMOCRAT AND A RISING SUN KU-KLUX, CECIL COUNTY, MD.
MARYLAND, ELKRIDGE, "COLORED REPUBLICANS AT THE POLLS, FIRED UPON AND DRIVEN AWAY BY BALTIMORE-DEMOCRATS, TWO COLORED VOTERS SERIOUSLY WOUNDED."—"AT TYKESVILLE, THE ROUGHS FIRED UPON AND SCATTERED ANOTHER CROWD OF COLORED VOTERS."
MASON AND DIXON LINE.
BRUTE MIGHT MAKES RIGHT.
PASS WORD "SHOT GUN"
SHOOT SUFFRAGE TO DEATH
FREE SHOOTING ON ELECTION DAY.
—STATE LINES ARE VERY THIN, WHEN IT COMES TO THE "SHOT-GUN."
NORTHERN SHOT
BANK
SHOP.
PUBLIC SCHOOL NOW
POLLS
Th. Nast.

THE ROUGH IS READY.
THE SOUTHERN EPIDEMIC WILL SPREAD NORTH IF NOT CHECKED.

VOTING POWER OF THE SOUTH.

Mr. Chandler dwelt at some length upon the Election Laws, and claimed that the Southern end of the republic didn't want any safeguards put upon the purity of elections, because they would interfere with the operations of the Ku-Klux at the polls. Said Mr. Chandler, "Give them permission to perpetrate the same kind of fraud and violence in New York city and Cincinnati as has been perpetrated in the South, and those two cities, with the solid South, will give them the Presidency of the United States, and by fraud and violence they would hold it for a generation."

GEORGE CAULFIELD'S JOURNEY.

By MISS BRADDON.

CHAPTER V.

"DELAY THIS MARRIAGE!"

MR. LEWORTHY went back to Kibble & Umpleby's, and asked if Mr. Umpleby was on the premises. No, Mr. Umpleby had left half an hour ago, to return to the bosom of his family in Tolkington Park.

Happily for the eager vicar, Tolkington Park was an adjoining suburb, where those well-to-do citizens of Grandchester who did not like the labor of daily railroad journeys contented themselves with a semi-urban retirement in villas of their own building, amidst shrubberies of their own planting, overlooking the towniest and most formal of public parks. It had long been a grief to the female Umplebys that, whereas other merchants' families of wealth and standing had Gothic mansions or Italian palaces set in richly wooded landscapes, remote from the smoke of the city, they had only the stereotyped surroundings of a thickly populated suburb, and were in no wise better off than their next-door neighbors.

A cab with a horse of his own choosing drove Mr. Leworthy to the utmost limit of Tolkington Park in less than half an hour. He found the Umpleby mansion, which was called Mount Lebanon, although the ground on which it stood was as flat as a pancake, and there was not a cedar within a mile. It was a substantial square house, with bay-windows, a broad flight of steps, grandiose iron railings, painted dark blue, and surmounted with gilded pine-apples, and an all-pervading glare of plate-glass windows.

The hall was tessellated; the drawing-room was brilliant in color, and painfully new. Here Mr. Leworthy sat waiting for the master of the house, while a young lady in an adjacent chamber favored him with a solfeggio exercise, which strained to the uttermost a somewhat acid voice.

"I wonder whether that is the bride singing," speculated the vicar, "and I wonder if she is very much attached to my gentleman? Rather hard lines for her if she is fond of him, poor child!"

At last Mr. Umpleby appeared, plethoric, rubicund, pompous.

"Happy to have the honor of making your acquaintance, vicar," he said. "I have long known you by repute."

"Every one in Grandchester does that," answered Leworthy, pleasantly; "I have been too often in hot water not to be pretty well known."

"Impossible to please every one," murmured Mr. Umpleby.

"Precisely; and the man who tries it ends by pleasing no one. I have taken my own course; and though I've made a good many enemies, thank God I've made twice as many friends. Now, Mr. Umpleby, I must ask you to receive me with all good nature, and to believe that I mean well by you and yours, although I have come on a most unpleasant business."

The merchant looked uneasy. Another great firm gone wrong, perhaps; a question of a big bad debt.

"Is it a business matter?" he faltered.

"No; it is a family matter."

"Oh!" he said, with an air of relief, as if this were of minor importance.

"You are going to marry your daughter to-morrow?" said the vicar.

"I am."

"To your clerk, Mr. Foy?"

"Yes, Sir. It is not the first time that a merchant's daughter has married her father's clerk, I believe, though it is out of the common course of things."

"I am here to beg you to postpone the marriage."

"On what grounds?"

"Before I tell you that, you must give me your promise to communicate nothing I tell you to Mr. Foy."

Mr. Umpleby hesitated.

"Mind, it is vital to you, as a father, to know what I have to tell."

Mr. Umpleby gave the required promise.

The vicar told his story, beginning with the scene at the railway station, ending with the story he had heard at Parminter.

"Were you aware that Foy had a sister?"

"I never heard him speak of one."

"Curious that, in your future son-in-law."

Mr. Umpleby sat and stared into space like a man bewildered. He wiped his large bald forehead with the biggest and most expensive thing in bandanas.

"This is a most frightful suspicion," he said; "a young woman poisoned, for you seem to think this young woman was poisoned. It is an awful position. Every arrangement has been made for the wedding, as you may suppose: guests invited—some of the best people in Grandchester. My wife and daughters have the highest opinion of young Foy. I may say they are infatuated about him. His conduct in business has been irreproachable. There must be some mistake—some ridiculous misunderstanding."

"I got Foy's address at your own office, and at that address I heard of a sister of whose existence you are absolutely unaware. Do you think that speaks well for your intended son-in-law?"

"He may have had some powerful reason for concealing her existence. She may be weak in her intellect. She may have gone wrong. As for your idea of slow poisoning, that is too absurd."

"And you mean this young man to marry your daughter to-morrow morning?"

"What am I to do? I never cared about the match. I have been persuaded into giving my consent. My girl had a right to look higher. But to stop the marriage now would be—"

"Simply prudent. Investigate the case as I have put it before you. If I am deceived—if Foy is not the man who took that dying girl to the railway station, if Foy's sister, or a woman who passed as his sister, is not lying dead at Milldale—I will make the humblest apology to you and Mr. Foy for my baseless suspicions. You must take your own course. I want to save your daughter from sorrow and disgrace. Remember, you have been warned. If Foy is the man I take him to be, the police will be dogging his heels to-morrow morning when he goes into the church to marry your daughter. Good-afternoon. I have given you plain facts, and I have no time to spare for discussion."

Mr. Umpleby would fain have detained him, but the vicar was in a hurry. He drove back to Grandchester, and to the head-quarters of the police, to whom he repeated his story. They had been at work all day, and had done very little. They had discovered a porter at the station who remembered the arrival of a gentleman and a sick lady in a plaid shawl. They had seen the woman who took charge of the ladies' waiting-room, second class—always more crowded than the first class—and from her they had heard again of a sick lady in a plaid shawl, accompanied by a very attentive gentleman, but she could give no account of the personal appearance of either. The lady's face was hidden by a veil, and there had been so many people rushing in and out just at the last that there had been no time for her to observe these two, who came in late. This much she knew, that the lady seemed in a kind of faint or stupor, and the gentleman had to carry her in his arms.

Once furnished with a clew, professional intelligence was quite equal to taking it up.

"This woman at Parminter must be taken to Milldale to identify the body," said the chief official in the detective line; "and we must watch this fellow Foy, so that he may not give us the slip."

"He is to be married to his employer's daughter to-morrow morning," said the vicar. "To leave Grandchester before to-morrow would be tantamount to a confession of his guilt. It would be throwing up the cards altogether."

"The symptoms you describe sound like arsenical poisoning," said the officer; and then he and his colleague whispered together for a minute or so.

"I don't think there is anything more I can do to-night," said the vicar.

"No, Sir. You may leave everything in our hands."

"Precisely. But remember, if you don't want this young scoundrel to be married to a respectable young woman at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, you'll have to look sharp."

The vicar went back to the bosom of his family at Freshmead, thinking that he had done a pretty good day's work.

Before ten o'clock that night two facts had been discovered in the biography of Mr. Foy—first, that exactly three years before, he had been married at a registrar's office to Jane Dawson, spinster, daughter of John Dawson, master mariner; and secondly, that he, or a man exactly answering to his description, had bought small quantities of tartar emetic and small portions of laudanum at divers times within the last two months, and at several chemists' shops in the obscurer streets of the great, busy town.

These two discoveries the police communicated to Mr. Umpleby late on the vigil of his daughter's wedding.

The evidence of the marriage was indisputable. Much as Mr. Umpleby was inclined to discredit the charge brought against his intended son-in-law, he could not disbelieve the legal proof of the marriage before the registrar; and convicted of having concealed a prior marriage, Mr. Foy's character appeared in a new and doubtful light.

"I'll put off the wedding," cried Umpleby, who had spent the evening marching about his house and garden in a state of suppressed agitation. "I won't have my daughter married to a liar and a trickster. There must be something wrong—no smoke without fire."

He sat down directly the detective had left him, and wrote with his own hand to those Grandchester magnates who had been bidden to the wedding.

"Let these letters be delivered by hand before eight o'clock to-morrow morning," he said to the respectable man-of-all-work, who had been yawning dismally in a pantry at the back of the hall; "and let that letter be taken to Mr. Foy at the Crown Hotel."

Foy was to stop at a hotel in Grandchester on the eve of his wedding, in order to be on the ground early.

Mr. Umpleby felt a happier man after he had done this deed. He went up to bed more at ease with himself, but he did not awaken his slumbering wife to tell her the unpleasant news. There would be a scene in the morning, of course, with all these women—hysterics, fainting fits, recrimination, in which he, the husband and father, would get the worst of it.

Mrs. Umpleby's lavender moiré antique, her brand-new Honiton shawl, were lying in state upon the sofa. Would any woman forgive a husband for upsetting the festival at which those splendors were to be worn? There had been fuss enough about the gown, about the breakfast, about every one of the wedding arrangements, and now, lo and behold! the fuss had been all for nothing!

"I never liked him," mused Mr. Umpleby. "It was the women who talked me over. To begin with, the man's half a foreigner, and I want no *parlez-vous* in my family."

His letter to Foy had been of the briefest:

"Look round the first thing to-morrow morning; I want to talk to you."

The father was up betimes, too agitated to eat his breakfast. He carried his cup of tea to the study at the back of the dining-room, and paced that snug apartment, waiting for Mr. Foy. Up stairs there was wild excitement among the feminine part of the household, rushings and hurryings from room to room—spectral figures in long white raiment and flowing hair, crimping, plaiting, hooking and eying. Here on the ground-floor there was an awful quietude.

Presently Gaston Foy came in. He, who was usually so pale, had this morning a hectic spot on each cheek. He too shared in the general excitement. Looking at him closely, Mr. Umpleby saw that his lips were dry and white.

"Nothing wrong with Bella, I hope?" he asked, nervously.

Bella was the bride.

"No, there is nothing the matter with Bella at present. It is about yourself I want to talk. I think, when we first knew you, you told me that you stood quite alone in the world—that you were an orphan—had fought your own way in life—had not a living soul belonging to you?"

"All that is quite true," answered Gaston Foy, looking straight at the questioner, with a face that showed no trace of emotion or surprise. "Why discuss the matter this morning? It is not a cheerful subject."

"You have deceived me," said Mr. Umpleby. "I am told you have a sister."

This time the young man was palpably moved. Strong as he was in dissimulation, his self-control failed him. For the moment he stood staring blankly at his accuser—wordless. Then he suddenly recovered himself, and looked at Mr. Umpleby pleadingly, with a deprecating smile.

"You have found out my secret," he said, mournfully. "It is a sorrowful one. Yes, I have a sister; yes, I have kept her existence a secret from you, and from all I love in this house. Poor girl, her life has been—is—a burden to herself and others. An invalid, almost an imbecile, my afflicted sister shrank from the world as the world would have shrunk from her. Had you seen her, you might have been prejudiced, you might have regarded her as an obstacle to my marriage."

"You ought to have told me the truth," answered Umpleby, sternly. "I learn that a few days ago this girl was living with you at Parminter. You removed her from there in a weak state of health. Where is she now?"

"At the sea-side."

"Where?"

"At Howcomb."

He named a place at least fifty miles from Grandchester.

"Alone?"

"No; with friends of mine."

Mr. Umpleby took a telegraph form from one of the drawers in his desk, and laid it on the blotting-pad.

"Write a telegram to your Howcomb friends at my dictation, to inquire about your sister's present condition. A few words will do. Thus: 'I am anxious about my sister—please let me know how she is this morning. Answer paid.' The reply can come here. Why do you hesitate?"

"Because your request implies suspicion. I shall send no such telegram. Why should you drag my poor suffering sister into this day's business? I have told you the truth about her. I have told you why I have hitherto concealed her existence from you and yours. Can you not allow me to forget her, at least for to-day?"

"No, Mr. Foy. I want to have positive proof that your account of this young woman is a true one. I want to know that she is—alive, and in safe hands. When we have settled that question, I shall have to ask you another."

The hectic spots had intensified on the young man's cheeks, leaving the rest of his face livid. He wiped his ashy lips with his handkerchief.

"What question?"

"I shall have to ask you about your wife, and when and how you became a widower. What have you done with the young woman, Jane Dawson, whom you married three years ago at the registry office in St. Swithin Street? Was she an imbecile too? Were you compelled to conceal her existence?"

"There is some mistake," said Foy, recovering his resolute tone, but not his natural color. "I was never married in my life."

"I have been shown a copy of the registry of your marriage, or the marriage of a man calling himself Gaston Foy, clerk, of Grandchester. The name is not a common one. Come, Mr. Foy, we needn't prolong this argument. I never liked the notion of your marrying my daughter, though I submitted to it to please my women-kind; but last night I made up my mind you should not marry her; and now, my young friend, there's the door. I wish you a very good morning."

"This is strange treatment, Mr. Umpleby."

"Not so strange as your own conduct."

Gaston Foy took up his hat from the table, and left the room without a word. He was meditating what he should do with himself in the next hour. He was speculating whether he should have one hour free in which to extricate himself from a desperate predicament—whether he was not so hemmed round and beset with danger as to make all movement on his part full of peril.

He walked slowly out of the house, down the broad flight of steps, and just outside the iron gate of the garden a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"I arrest you on suspicion of murder," said a voice, and Gaston Foy knew that his course was run.

CHAPTER VI.

BROUGHT TO A FOCUS.

THE day had seemed long to the prisoner in Milldale jail, although he was cheered by the society of his mother, who spent all the time the authorities allowed in her son's gloomy apartment. It was a sight to see the brave-hearted old lady sitting opposite her son, knitting a *couvre-pied* of soft Shetland wool, and pretending to be as comfortable and as much at her ease as if she were in her pretty drawing-room at South Kensington. Not by so much as a quiver of her lip would she allow herself to betray her anxiety. Her heart was as heavy as lead, yet she contrived to smile, and kept up a cheerful flow of small-talk about the past and the future—church affairs, the schools, the choir.

But even with this consoling company the dark winter day had seemed long to George Caulfield. He was feverishly expectant of news from Grandchester, and when none came he fancied that his friend, his lawyer, and the police had alike failed in their efforts to let in light upon the mystery of that nameless girl's death.

And if the day seemed long, what of the dreary winter night, when imagination, excited by strange circumstances and strange surroundings, conjured up the horrors of a criminal trial—the crowded court, every creature in it believing him, George Caulfield, the murderer of a helpless girl? He saw the chain of circumstantial evidence lengthening out link by link, and he could have no power to sunder those links. His lips would be sealed.

And then involuntarily there broke from his lips a cry of anguish:

"He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth."

He had spent a feverish night, given half to wakefulness, half to appalling dreams. He had risen and dressed himself as soon as it was light, and now he sat waiting wearily for some sign from the outer world, some cheering message, some word of hope. It was only two days since the vicar of Freshmead had left him, yet it seemed ages.

Hark! was not that the cheery voice he knew so well, the full vibration of tones that came from powerful lungs, the clear utterance of a man accustomed to address multitudes? Yes, it was Leworthy's voice, assuredly, and that cheerful tone should belong to the bringer of good tidings.

He sat with his hands clutching the edge of his pallet, profoundly agitated, while the grating key turned in the lock, and the heavy cell door moved slowly back. Then the vicar rushed into the cell, and grasped his hands, and laid his hand upon his forehead in loving benediction.

"God bless you, my dear boy! You will not have long to stay in this wretched hole. The man who brought that poor creature to the station is arrested; he came here by the train I travelled in. He is now in this jail. There will be a *post-mortem* to-day, the inquest will be re-opened on Monday instead of on Wednesday next, and the evidence then produced will prove his guilt and your innocence."

"Thank God!" ejaculated George Caulfield, and then he fell on his knees beside the prison bed, and poured out the rapture of his soul in prayer and thanksgiving.

When he had finished that voiceless prayer, he sat down quietly beside his friend to hear how the vicar had done his work, and how completely he had succeeded.

"Up to last night the evidence against my gentleman was only speculative," he said, when he had described all that had happened in Briergate and at Parminter, "but last night the police contrived to bring matters to a focus. Once having got a clew, they worked marvellously well. They got hold of half a dozen photographs of this Mr. Foy, who had been vain enough to get himself photographed at different times by all the leading photographers of Grandchester. Provided with these, they went the round of the chemists' shops, and found where my gentleman had bought poison. They traced him from lodging to lodging, till they found him two years ago living in the outskirts of Grandchester with a weakly, nervous wife, whose description corresponded exactly with that of the weakly, nervous sister at Parminter. They obtained a photograph of this young woman, which had been given by her as a parting souvenir to the landlady, and this portrait Mrs. Moff, the Parminter char-woman, identified as a likeness of the so-called sister. This was bringing things to a focus, wasn't it?" inquired the vicar, giving his young friend a ferocious dig in the ribs.

"Decidedly."

"They were brought still closer this morning, thanks to my advertisement for a missing young woman in a Rob Roy shawl. This morning an elderly female appears at Messrs. Brockbanks', solicitors—your solicitors, you know—and tells them that she keeps a small public-house in Water Lane, a narrow street leading to the river, and within five hundred yards of the railway station, and to her house came a young man with an ailing young woman in a plaid shawl—Rob Roy pattern. They staid there two days and two nights, and while they were there the young woman got worse, and was so ill that she had to be carried to the station, when the young man, who owned to being her husband, took her away. He was taking her to the sea-side, he told his landlady, the doctor having said sea air would bring her round. The landlady's son, who was in the iron trade, helped to carry the poor young woman to the station. It was quite dark, and no one took much notice of them. This is why the police could get no information from cabmen or cab-masters, you see. Now this good woman, the landlady, has been brought to Milldale this morning. She will see the corpse, and she will see Mr. Foy, and I hope she may be able to identify both. She has seen Foy's photograph, and recognized it, already. So the long and the short of it is, my dear fellow, that I think you're pretty comfortably out of this mess, and I hope you'll never do such a thing again."

The vicar affected facetiousness, perhaps to hide the depth of his feeling. He loved his friend almost as well as he loved his own sons, and that is much, for the man's heart overflowed with love.

The inquest was re-opened on Monday, and the evidence against Gaston Foy was so complete in all its details that the jury had not a moment's hesitation in ordering the immediate release of George Caulfield, who left Milldale by an afternoon train, and officiated at an evening service at St. Philemon's that night. How happy he and his mother were as they sat side by side in the railway carriage on the journey back to London!

"I think it will be a long time before I shall care to travel at night and alone," said the curate. "The memory of that awful hour between Grandchester and Milldale would be too vivid."

The complete history of Gaston Foy, how he married a poor girl of humble station, and grew tired of her, soon after the birth of a child, whose death left the mother weakened in body and mind—how, when he found himself getting on in the world, received and made much of in the Umpleby household, he determined to get rid of his wife and marry Miss Umpleby—is all to be read in the criminal records of Grandchester, in which city the young man was tried for willful murder, found guilty, and hanged within the prison walls a fortnight afterward.

THE END.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADVERTISEMENTS are not, in a general way, entertaining reading, yet, even outside the agony column, they often pique our curiosity, and afford matter for speculation. If some advertisers vex our minds by propounding unsolvable riddles, others amuse us by ingeniously contriving to say what they do not mean. No honestly intending tradesman could possibly desire "a sleepy partner in a respectable ready-money business;" nor can anybody require "an experienced nurse to take charge of a young child between thirty and thirty-five years old, of unexceptionable character." The owner of a double Bath-chair may perhaps be warranted in describing it as "capable of holding two persons in good condition;" but that a mail phaeton was ever "the property of a gentleman with a movable head as good as new" is more than we can credit. A certain excellent young horse that "would suit any timid lady or gentleman with a long silver tail" must assuredly hail from the stable of the Dublin horse-dealer who is open to an offer for a "splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail." A feminine switch would hardly be worth so much in a certain city, where we read, "Ladies will be sold as low as seven shillings a pair." The sex would seem to be at a discount in the same place, and reduced to taking up with each other, for a householder offers to let apartments to "two women, married couple." Women have married women before now, and the *Matrimonial News* once notified: "A handsome young lady of twenty-one, educated, accomplished, and of good family, desires to marry some lady going out to India."

From a foreign paper is gathered the following: "This morning our Saviour summoned away the jeweller Siebald Illmaga from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. —His disconsolate widow, VÉRONIQUE ILLMAGA. P.S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our employment, which will be carried on as usual; only our place of business will be removed from No. 3 Allée des Teinturiers to No. 4 Rue de le Missionnaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent." It is impossible to avoid admiring the adroitness with which the disconsolate widow continues mourning and money-making, and takes the opportunity of giving a rap at the heartless landlord.

Ireland has the honor of the next production, unsurpassable as it is for delicious pomposity. It is only fair, however, to add that it made its appearance at the beginning of the present century, before examinations for schools and schoolmasters were fashionable.

"Mr. Hendrick's devoir to the gentry of Limerick. Would be elated to assign his attention for the instruction of eight or ten pupils to attend on their houses every second day, to teach the French language, Geography on the Principles of Astronomy, traversing the globe by sea or land on the rudiments of a right angle, with a variety of pleasing Problems, attached to Manners, Customs, etc., of different Countries, Trade, and Commerce; Phenomenons on Volcanos, Thunder, Lightning, Sound, etc. Such as please to continue may advance through a Course of Natural Philosophy, and those proficient in French may be taught the above in that Language.

"N.B.—At intervals would instruct in the Italian Language.—J. HENDRICK, *Philomathos*."

A mayor of one of the university towns immortalized himself by the following:

"Whereas, a Multiplicity of Dangers are often incurred by Damage of outrageous accidents by Fire, we whose Names are undersigned, have thought proper that the Benefit of an Engine bought by us, for the better extinguishing of which, by the Accidents of Almighty God may unto us happen to make a Rate to gather Benevolence for the better propagating of such useful Instruments." Perhaps some clever under-graduate may recognize the style, and be able to decide whether Light or Dark Blue has the honor of such a literary genius.

The following warning against indiscriminate charity appeared in 1804, and it is an undoubted fact that though such claims may not in the present day be so publicly advertised, they are yet considered strictly personal property: "To be disposed of for the benefit of the poor widow a Blind Man's Walk in a charitable neighborhood, the comings in between twenty-five and twenty-six shillings a week, with a dog well drilled, and a staff in good repair. A handsome premium will be expected."

While small-pox was making extensive ravages some years ago, a Frenchwoman thus advertised: "Madame XX. permits herself to say that she has pearl-white skin, full health, rosy cheeks, sweetly expressive face, blue eyes, black hair, and a coquettish figure. She will be vaccinated next Friday; and in as short a time as possible the lymph of her arm will be ready for any one desiring a purely healthful vaccination."

Shakspeare complained that too many women

> "put on nature's power,
> Fairing the foul with art's false borrowed face;"

and the sex are not less guilty now. Men may well doubt if beauty is even skin-deep, when they see a good complexion is to be bought for a shilling; artificial eyebrows for a guinea a pair; tails of hair, as twists or plaits, or to add to the fullness of a scanty head of hair, to be had for ten shillings; and long curls for a crown apiece; while a very moderate sum will purchase an "ideal corset," guaranteed "to impart any degree of fullness to slim figures, while reducing the waist with that roundness which is the great beauty of a good figure." Even dames of the fair, fat, and forty type may hopefully enter the lists against their more sylph-like sisters, at the cost of a trip to Paris, and a call on Madame H——, who "has the secret of fairy-like elegance. In spite of nature, the customers she dresses seem to float in the air, and day by day her scissors perform prodigies of art. The shoulders emerge from the corsage, the shape becomes as fine and slender as the stem of a lily, and the arms acquire an adorable curve. But such a dress-maker, you will say, must set a high value on her services. By no means. The modesty of her charges attests the modesty of her character. Judge for yourself. She composes an adorable ball dress for a hundred francs, and she lives at No. 76 in the Boulevard ——."

As a specimen of what we may term "ornate style," a certain Northumbrian auctioneer announced for sale "a quaint mansion and appurtenances, draped in the foliage of its stately pines, its ornate lakes abounding with trout, and decoying the wild-duck to the fowling-piece, wrapped in sylvan beauties, and imparting a dignified air to the amplitude of its lawns and finely timbered park, presenting a *tout ensemble* of a country-seat, highly expressive of the agreeable silence and soothing indolence of a rural retirement." Then, after babbling eloquently of "meads watered by a bosky trout stream, and selvaged by sloping woods and birchen braes," of "a rookery lending a barytone to the soprano of the mavis and the merle, in grove and in glade, in sequestered dell and breezy upland," he condescended to come to more prosaic matters, and tell those concerned that the property was rich in "the élite of winged game," thanks to its "populous nurseries of pheasant and partridge;" winding up with a bit of fine writing worthy of Robins himself, who never beat this: "Pastoral in complexion, the stock-farmer has here a choice field for the exercise of his favorite pursuits. Over these well-fenced and skillfully sheltered estates the patriot in his benevolence of multiplying blades of grass has ready command of the Wendale lime at the contiguous dépôt of Rowley station. Intersected by never-failing streams of pure water, hydraulics might here neutralize the aridity of periodical droughts."

The last specimen we shall offer runs thus, and is the production of one "Roger Giles," of Romford, Essex: "ROGER GILES, Imperceptible Penetrator, Surgin, Paroch Clarke, etc. etc. Romford, Essex, hinforms Ladis and Gentlemen that he cuts their teeth and draws corns without waiten a moment. Blisturs on the lowest turms, and fysicks at a penny a peace. Sells godfathers cordial and strap-ile, and undertakes to keep any Ladis nales by the year, and so on. Young Ladis and Gentlemen tort the heart of rideing, and the gramer language in the natest manner, also grate Kare takein to himprove there morals and spelling, sarm singing and whisseling. Teaches the jewsarp, and instructs young Ladis on the gar-tar, and plays the ho-boy. Shotish, poker and all other reels tort at home and abroad. Perfumery in all its branches. Sells all sorts of stashionary, barth bricks and all other sorts of sweatmeats, including bees wax postage stamps and lusifers; likewise taturs, roobub, sossages, and other garden stuffs; also fruits, such as hardbake, inguns, toothpicks, ile and tin ware, and other eatables. Sarve, treacle, winegar, and all other hardware. Further in particular, he has laid in a stock of tripe, china, epsom salts, lollipops, and other pickels, such as oysters, apples, and table beer, also silks, satins, and hearthstones, and all kinds of kimistry, including waxdolls, rasors, dutch cloks, and gridirons, and new laid eggs evry day by me Roger Giles. *P.S.*—I lectures on joggrefy."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THAT desolated city, Szegedin, is preparing to rise from its ruins. The suffering inhabitants have exhibited wonderful fortitude in their misfortunes, even those who have lost everything striving to re-establish themselves with a resolute independence truly remarkable. A correspondent of the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, writing from Szegedin, speaks of the sadness experienced in finding in a living town of 70,000 inhabitants no more than 350 buildings standing, while 6000 houses and huts were entirely destroyed. Every family was working by itself, just to get a shelter prepared for their "bairns" during the coming winter, pending the great reconstruction of the town after well-matured plans. All the government work has hitherto been in connection with freeing Szegedin of the inundation water, repairing dikes, etc. But the reconstruction has been made a national undertaking, and will finally be accomplished on a grand scale. Now that the whole area of the town has been drained, the construction of circular dikes for the protection of the future town will immediately begin, and only after that task is completed will the rebuilding of Szegedin commence. It is proposed to divide the new town into two parts—the inner city and the outer town. In the first will be erected all public buildings, the courts of justice, the town-hall, schools, mercantile houses, etc., built with stone and brick. The suburbs, where the agricultural class—four-fifths of the whole population—live, may be built of cement and wood. It is not unlikely that, notwithstanding the strong dikes and the regulation of the river, it may be necessary to raise the ground whereon the town is built.

By the labors of the Fish Commission during the past two years two valuable food fishes have been added to the list of salt-water fish usually found in the markets of the Atlantic cities. These are the pole-flounder and the tile-fish. The flounder is destined to be of great importance, from its abundance and its fine qualities as an article of food. The tile-fish resembles the cod in some particulars, and is abundant.

On November 1 a heavy snow-storm was reported from Aberdeenshire, Scotland, although the harvests in that vicinity were not fully gathered.

The thermometer at Mount Washington recorded 2° below zero on November 2, and snow fell early in the evening of the same day.

The *Providence Journal*, which is accustomed to give its readers every month some useful information in regard to the celestial bodies, tells us that the planetary interest of November centres around Mars, whose opposition occurs on the 12th. This phenomenon is anticipated with eager interest, for the opposition of 1877 was the epoch of one of the greatest astronomical discoveries of the present century. Two tiny satellites were then found pursuing their rapid course within the glare of light surrounding Mars. And now the best telescopes all over the world are concentrating their highest powers on the brilliant evening star to see if new discoveries may be made, or to learn something more about the Martian moons, now known by the names of Deimos and Phobos, so called from the horses that in mythology drew the chariot of Mars.

A few years ago a pupil of the late William Morris Hunt published a selection from many notes which she had made of his conversations in the studio. They were hastily jotted down on backs of canvases and scraps of drawing-paper—fragmentary and often incomplete. Now a new and melancholy interest surrounds them. A few extracts will show a little the character of the artist:

"What makes an eye beautiful? Not the eye itself, although there are intrinsic forms which we acknowledge to be beautiful. It is the *regard*, the soul, and in part what surrounds the eye. Not the 'liquid look.' A snail has that."

"Won't that picture crack?"

"I don't care if it does! It would be better if more pictures cracked! Garrets are as essential as galleries. There must be a place in which to put bad work, and the more garrets, the more things get sifted."

"All notes in music are not high. There must be low tones as well. Put in only such details as will help the masses. Don't have your work *all trills*."

"Why make that drawing look like cobweb trimmed with feathers?"

"I want it to look *soft*."

"Softness isn't the only beauty. A good deal of *soap* is soft. Bad fruit is *too soft*. Remember that a child's cheek, if it is soft, is also *firm*."

"How shall I finish my owl?"

"You've got his *eye*. Now you'd better put his *body* around it."

History records that a provident citizen before leaving town last summer for his usual sojourn among the mountains posted upon the inside of his hall door a conspicuous placard, with this inscription: "To burglars or those intending to burgle: All my plated jewelry and other valuables are in the Safe Deposit Company's vaults. The trunks and cupboards contain nothing but second-hand clothing and similar matters too bulky to remove, on which you would realize comparatively little. The keys are in the left-hand top drawer of the sideboard if you doubt my word. You will also find there a certified check to bearer for $10, which will remunerate you for your loss of time and disappointment. Please wipe your feet on the mat, and don't spill any candle grease on the carpets."

The catalogue of the statuary and paintings at the gallery of the Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore, contains with the name of each statue a description, taken from some celebrated work, of the original of which the statue is a copy. Catalogues of this kind would greatly increase the general appreciation of any art collection, and enable all visitors to become students in a limited way.

According to the St. Louis *Times-Journal*, the Supreme Court of Indiana has affirmed a principle which may prove troublesome. It is that the 29th and the 28th days of February are to be computed as one day. There is an old English statute to this effect, and that statute is recognized as a part of the law governing the State of Indiana.

Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart, Haydn, and Gluck are among the noble names that may be read upon tombs in the cemeteries of Vienna, but many visitors have been pained to observe the forlorn and neglected aspect of these memorable shrines. Indeed, sacrilegious hands have defaced some of them. But the municipality of Vienna has now taken into public care the tombs of these great composers, and hereafter will not only keep them in repair, but make them bright and beautiful with flowers.

We understand that the Chicago *Tribune* proposes to begin a spelling reform by omitting *ue* in all such words as catalogue, *me* in programme, *te* final in etiquette, coquette, etc., *e* final in definite, infinite, hypocrite, favorite, opposite, apposite; by changing *ph* to *f* in phantom, phantasm, phonetic, phonography, orthography, alphabet, digraph, diphthong, and all forms of these words.

Sknichi Yanada, the Japanese attendant of General Grant, who served him as interpreter in the Mikado's empire, still accompanies the General, taking copious notes of matters of interest.

Not long ago the Indians at Pete Dana's Point, near Calais, Maine, elected a Governor. He was, however, unmarried, and it was quite contrary to the policy of the Indians to allow him to remain in such an unsocial condition, so steps were taken to marry him. A committee of two was appointed to get him a wife. The Governor braided seven straws together and gave the braid to the committee. They went to Pleasant Point, and assembled all the squaws in their hall in a circle. One of the committee marched around the circle shaking a horn full of shot, while the other carried the braided straw and sung a solemn song or chant. After several times marching around, the braid was presented to the maiden selected for the Governor's wife. The first choice refused to marry by throwing the braid on the floor. So the ceremony was repeated, and a second choice made, and this time the fair one was willing, and retained the braid. Then the committee sent for the Governor to meet the destined bride in Calais, and he came forthwith.

Every writer has his own peculiar method of composing. Some novelists, for example, outline all the plot of a story before beginning to write; others make the opening chapters without much idea of what the end will be. Anthony Trollope does not perfect a plot beforehand, it is said, but incidents are fabricated to fit the story as it progresses. He is credited with saying: "I wrote a novel once in which a lady forged a will, but I had not myself decided that she had forged it till the chapter before that in which she confesses her guilt. I once heard an unknown critic abuse my workmanship because a certain lady had been made to appear too frequently in my pages. I went home and killed her immediately."

An English journal pronounces ungoverned passions the most deadly enemies to human life, and remarks that it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent, irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life. To preserve "a sound mind in a sound body," a quiet spirit is all-important.

In Europe it is becoming a fashion for people of rank and wealth to travel in private railroad cars. These vehicles are smaller than American cars, but very elegant, some costing $20,000 or $30,000.

Many of the mines on the mountains around Leadville, Colorado, have suspended work, having already become inaccessible in consequence of the snow, which in places is several feet in depth.

After the play, drawn from Victor Hugo's novel, *Notre Dame de Paris*, had "run" for one hundred nights, following the pleasant French custom, Victor Hugo invited the actors and actresses to make merry with him. Moreover, he asked the critics. After the banquet the noted author made one of his famous "after-supper" speeches.

Many deaths are directly traceable to the excessive use of absinthe. The encroachments of this habit are scarcely perceptible. A regular absinthe drinker seldom perceives that he is dominated by its baleful influence until it is too late. All of a sudden he breaks down; his nervous system is destroyed, his brain is inoperative, his will is paralyzed, he is a mere wreck; there is no hope of his recovery.

Apple blossoms made their appearance in several orchards during the midsummer heat of October; but they also made a mistake. They were nipped by a chilling frost soon afterward.

A Staunton (Virginia) newspaper speaks thus of a "practical honey-moon:" "A few days ago a young lady and gentleman in this county, both in good circumstances, were married at 9.30 A.M., went straight to their new residence, to which the groom had already ordered new furniture and an outfit for housekeeping, and at twelve o'clock they had dinner, which the bride had attended to. In the afternoon the bridemaids had a good deal of fun putting down the carpets for the happy pair."

The King of Burmah has caused a magnificent cradle to be made for his child. The frame is of mango-wood, incased with sheet gold outside and inside. Ornamental gold-work, with many precious gems, is laid over this, and the cradle is swung from a rod by cords made of gold wire. The bed is made of embroidered velvet. The wardrobe of the baby that occupies this cradle cost 5000 rupees.

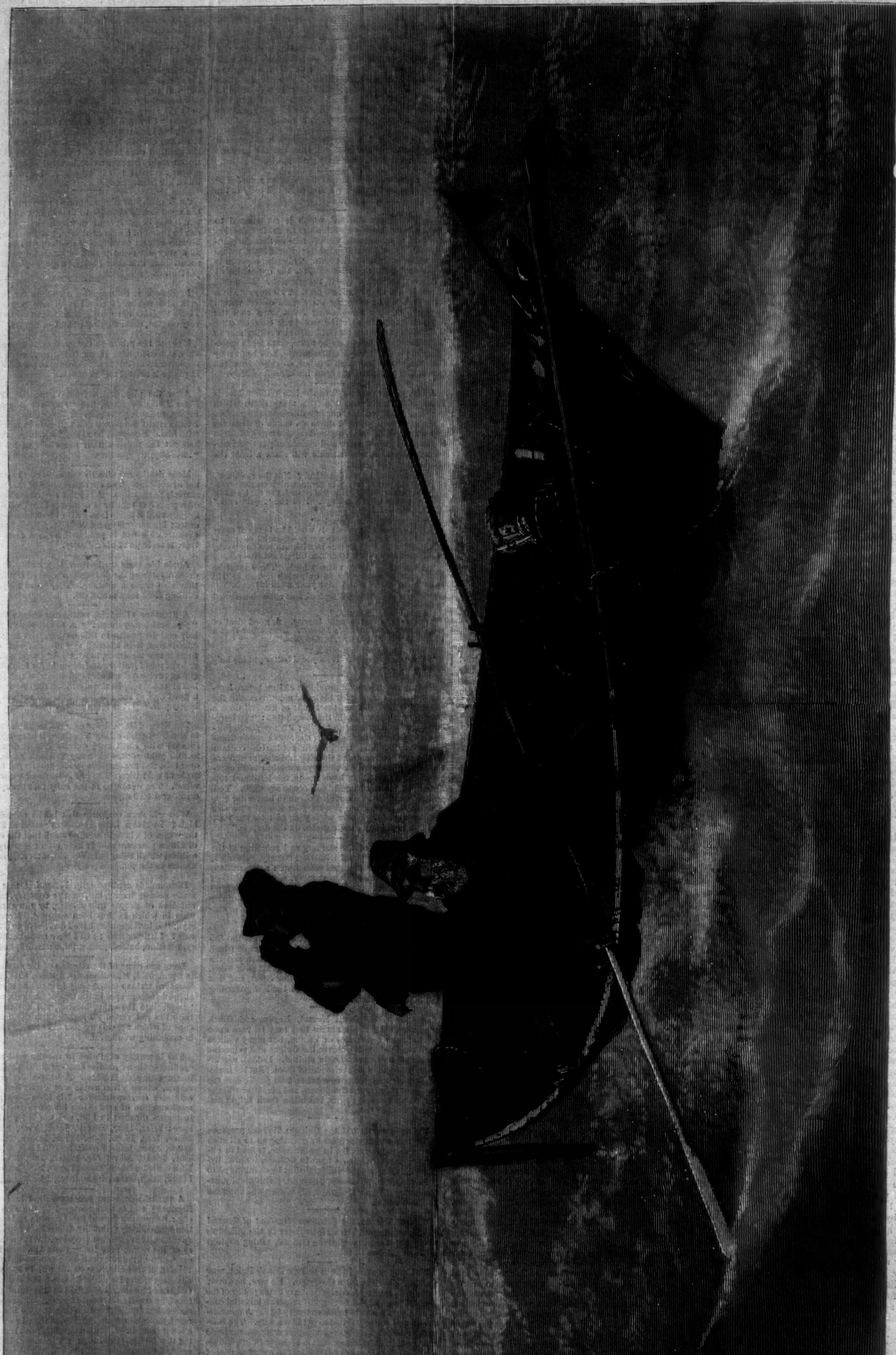
Who will dare complain that books nowadays are high? In 1720 a Latin Bible was valued at $150, and the wages of a laborer were so small that the earnings of fifteen years are said to have been necessary to buy a Bible, which being in Latin, was, after all, practically useless to the common people.

Bismarck is credited with lamenting that he has made nobody happy, but, on the contrary, cast great numbers of people into misery, by the three great wars in which he has been engaged. Moreover, he says: "What happiness have I derived from all my success? Little or none; and I have reaped endless worry, vexation, hatred, pain, grief, overwork, and care."

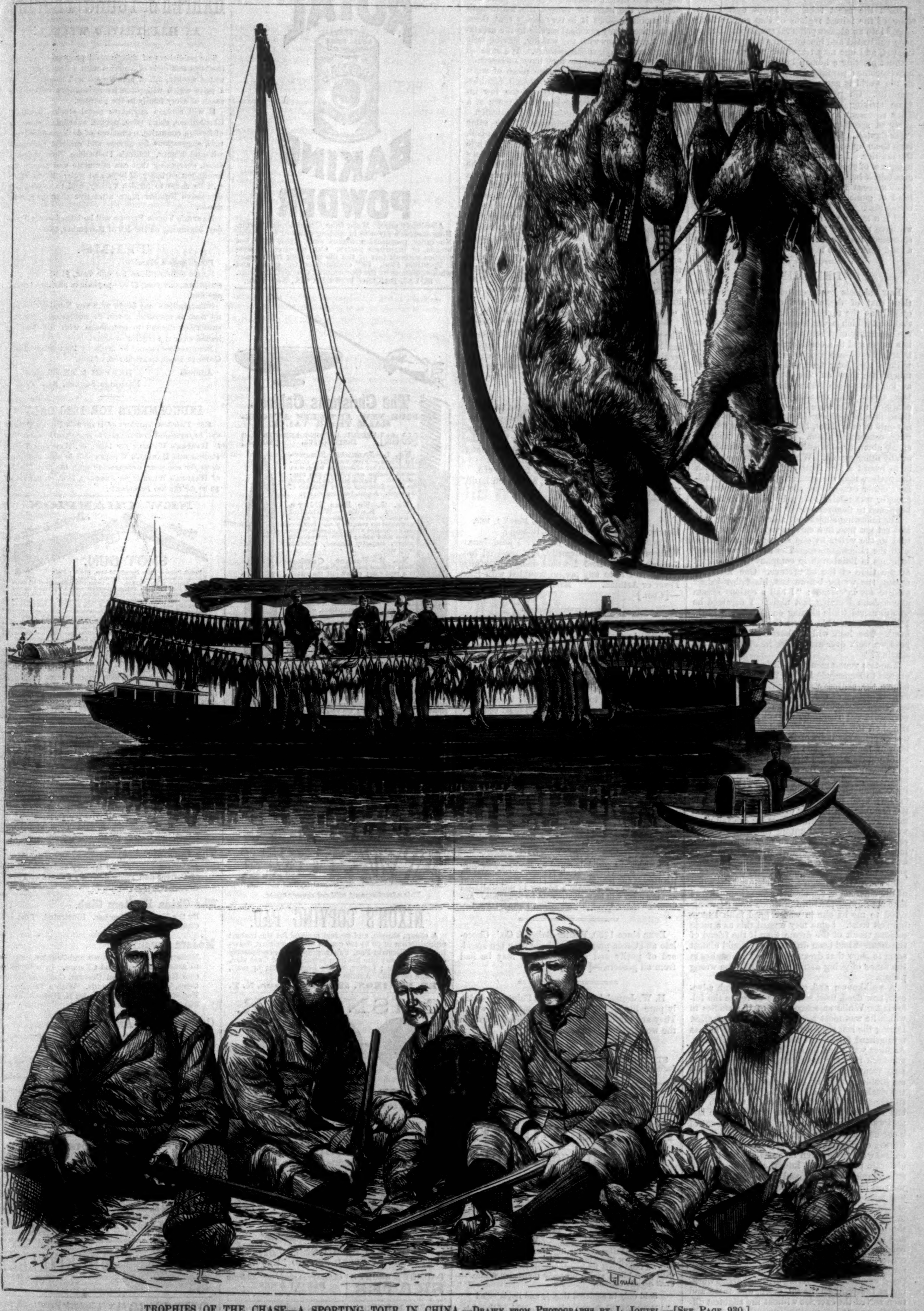
Long ago some of the attachés of the railroad dépôt in Springfield, Massachusetts, noticed that one of the Southern trains seemed daily to come to a stand-still at the self-same spot in the dépôt. A mark was made to designate the exact locality, and for months the train has not varied six inches from the mark. The control which a good engineer has over his locomotive is something wonderful.

The ingenuity exhibited in the different modes of spelling quite a common name is curiously illustrated in the following incident. A lumber dealer in Minnesota, whose given name was Isaac, had quite an extensive correspondence. His book-keeper made a memorandum of every time his name was mispelled in letters directed to him, and the list reads as follows: Isiac, Iisac, Icaack, Iscac, Ysac, Isaag, Izic, Islace, Icac, Isach, Isic, Isiaac, Isaacc, Icaas, Icks, Iaasic, Aisec, Isaar, Iaasac, Isaach, Iceic, Isaas, Isica, Iaac, Iassac, Izk, I Sic, Issach, Isac, Isick, Issacc, Isaace, Iseke, Issick, Isaak, Iisace, Isak, Isaack, Icaac, I Sick, Isich, Jsaac, Issac, Isace, Isoac, Isice, Isaic.

A remarkable event has transpired in Lexington, Kentucky, and is thus recorded by the *Press* of that city: "Since the days of Ben Franklin and the generation immediately following, it has been supposed that an umbrella is common property. Within the memory of the oldest man living there has been found no exception to the rule until last week, when Dr. Warren Frazier, of this city, was on his way to St. Louis, and chancing to put his umbrella down in the dépôt of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad at Cincinnati for a moment, returned and found it gone. He made diligent search, but left without finding it. To his astonishment, when he returned home he found awaiting him a letter from P. W. Williams, of Aurora, Indiana, stating that he had taken it for his own, and had not discovered the mistake until he reached home, where he chanced to open it, and found the doctor's name in it. He asked what should be done with it, and when advised, sent it per express, prepaid. This is an extraordinary variation of the prevailing umbrella ethics of the country, and deserves commendation."



LOST IN THE FOG ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 923.]



TROPHIES OF THE CHASE—A SPORTING TOUR IN CHINA.—Drawn from Photographs by L. Joutel.—[See Page 930.]

TROPHIES OF THE CHASE.

Since the great rebellion swept over China some of the fairest regions of that empire have lapsed into an almost primeval condition. Lands once cultivated and blooming are overgrown with thicket, and one may travel for miles and miles without meeting a human being. These regions have become a paradise for sportsmen. Nowhere in the world is game of every description more plentiful. On page 929 our readers will find some striking illustrations of this abundance. They represent the trophies brought back by a party of sportsmen after only a short absence from Canton. They engaged a sailing vessel to take them up one of the small rivers leading into the interior. Landing here and there, where the prospects of sport appeared to be good, they made excursions into the country, and met with such good success that they carried back over 700 head of game, including five wild boars of immense size.

It is a long way from New York to China, but we have no doubt that some of our enterprising sportsmen may be induced to try their fortune in a land where game is so abundant.

DREAMING.

Few subjects have been oftener written upon than that of dreams and dreaming; yet, frequently as the theme has been treated, it is of that sort which never seems to lose interest for the generality of persons. No doubt the subject is a vague and to a considerable extent an unsatisfactory one—one upon which you may talk and write a very long time, and at the end be not much wiser than you were at the beginning. But as long as people dream, they will continue to talk about their dreams, just as mankind will continue to talk about the weather so long as there is rain and sunshine, heat and cold; and not only to talk about, but to be more or less curious concerning them. We have no wish to speak about dreams either from a psychological or any other aspect. What it is proposed to do is to record a few facts and observations, with the preface that the greater portion of what follows either came under the writer's own experience, or was related to him by friends as having happened to themselves.

The following shows how a dream may be true and yet not true, in a curious way. It was lately told to the writer by one secondarily connected with the circumstances. The narrator occupied lodgings in Edinburgh in company with a friend at the time of the occurrence. One morning, during the winter before last, his fellow-lodger said to my informant: "I had a curious dream about John Fleming last night. I dreamed he was drowned while skating on Dunsappie Loch. I haven't been able to get the thing out of my head. The loch will be bearing to-day. Suppose we walk over after office hours and see the skating?"

The two young men took their way in the afternoon to Dunsappie Loch. There, sure enough, among the skaters was their friend John Fleming. Portions of the ice were in but an indifferent state for skating, and the two young men, who were not themselves skaters, warned their friend off the dangerous ground. But the skater made somewhat light of their fears, and showed himself more bold and venturesome than was quite judicious in the circumstances. However, no mischance befell, the skater finished his sport unscathed, and the dreamer of the dream and his companion, my informant—the former a good deal relieved in mind—returned home. While the dreamer was looking over the *Scotsman* next morning, one of the first things his eye fell upon was a paragraph recounting the death on the previous day of a young man named John Fleming, who had been drowned while skating. It was of course some other John Fleming—another young man of the same name.

In the above, though I have changed the name of the chief actor, the circumstances happened as here set down—the form in which they were narrated to me by one in whose good faith I have implicit trust. Some may regard this as a more curious result of the dream than if the friend of the dreamer had been drowned. It would almost seem to show that dreams may make mistakes in the sense of going astray and visiting the wrong people.

A well-known and esteemed Edinburgh advocate, now dead, used sometimes to relate the following. While at school one of the studies in which he was most successful was mathematics. During the last sessions of his school life he was trying hard for one of the mathematical prizes. Another youth and himself were running a neck-and-neck race for the coveted honor. On regularly recurring days the boys in the class were set problems to work in a given time. Each of the rivals had done all the exercises correctly up till almost the end of the term. At length our boy was fairly baffled by one problem—the last that was required to be done. By no amount of labor and pains could he succeed in solving it. On the evening before the day on which the exercises were to be given in, he had puzzled at the obdurate problem late into the night. At last, still completely baffled, and mentally and bodily wearied by his long work, he gave way, boy-like, to a flood of tears of vexation and mortification, and in this state went to bed. During the night he dreamed that he was again engaged in solving the problem, and that he worked it out rapidly and easily to what he felt sure was the correct result. Then a deep and dreamless slumber succeeded, which lasted till morning. When the boy rose, instead of there remaining to him only a confused recollection of having dreamed about working at the problem, he sat down, and there and then solved the exercise without the slightest difficulty.

It is not, of course, an uncommon thing for persons to have dreams of this character—for the poet to dream verses, the novelist plots and situations, the barrister causes, the mathematician problems—but it is very rarely that these dreams are of any practical service to the dreamers. They vanish with the waking, leaving only a vague and incongruous memory. We have all heard persons relate how they have successfully wrought out in their sleep some piece of work that has been exercising their mental faculties all day; but the above is one of the few instances the present writer has ever known of a dream of this nature resulting thus practically.

There are historical examples of the same kind, one of which relates to the poet Campbell, and is not, I think, very widely known. While Campbell was engaged in composing "Lochiel's Warning," he became perplexed as to how he should best put into rhythmical shape an idea which was working in his brain. He had been striving a whole day to find adequate expression for his thought, but night found him still unsatisfied. It will be remembered by readers that Campbell was fastidious and difficult to please in regard to niceties of language. With his mind still running in the same groove, he went to bed and fell asleep. While he slept the idea flashed through his brain, clothed in fitting and adequate words. He started up in bed, suddenly wide awake, rose, struck a light, sat down at table, and instantly wrote the well-known couplet:

> "'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
> And events to come cast their shadows before."

The poet then went to sleep again. In the morning he made a single alteration in the couplet, writing for "events to come," "coming events," the shape in which, of course, the lines appeared in the completed poem.

Apartado 373, Havana, Cuba, *Oct.* 29, 1879.

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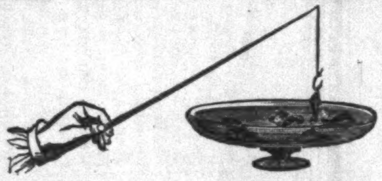

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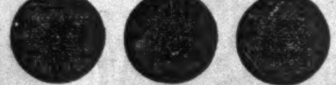

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